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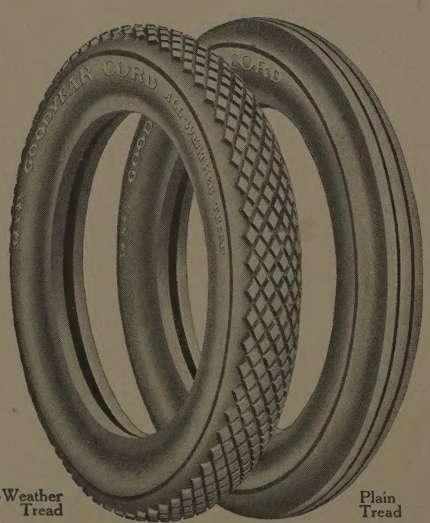

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BOOK REVIEWS

SOME FORERUNNERS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA. By W. J. Henderson. Henry Holt and Company, New York.

This volume could not be other than entertaining and instructive, for the field that Mr. Henderson covers is new. He brings his discussion and recital up to the seventeenth century, the opera after that time not belonging to the subject specially treated in the volume. Many authorities consulted are mentioned. The book has an index. The very titles of the fifteen chapters invite to their reading. Several chapters are given to Poliziano's "Favola di Orpheo." Some other chapters are, "From Prottola Drama to Madrigal," "The Predominance of the Spectacular," "Influence of the Taste for Comedy," "Vecchi and the Matured Madrigal Drama," "The Spectacular Element in Music," and "The Medium for Individual Utterance."

THE HOUSE IN GOOD TASTE. By Elsie de Wolfe. The Century Co., N. Y.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe's association with the stage gives a particular interest to this book inasmuch as her knowledge of the decorative art has found a practical use in that stage management which concerns the home, just as this book concerns the comforts and cultivated taste of home dwellers. It is needless to say that the volume published by The Century Co. is itself an artistic piece of work. It contains fifty-four illustrations, photographs in black and white and several in color. We are made to see interiors of private homes, the drawing room, the living room, the sitting room and boudoir, a light gay dining room, the dressing room and bath; while we are shown the effective use of color, the treatment of walls, and the arrangement doors and windows and draperies. We also have exteriors. Indeed, everything is treated of that makes the modern home comfortable and beautiful. This is a very unusual book, one which no doubt will establish itself in the regard of everyone concerned in the house beautiful.

STUDIES IN STAGECRAFT. By Clayton Hamilton. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. $1.50.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton always writes entertainingly on a broad basis of scholarly information, and with a certain progressiveness of thought. While his studies in stagecraft do not constitute a formal textbook, the chapters of the book being largely reprinted, modified, revised, and otherwise serving only as the basis, from his work in various magazines, it is useful to the practical student of playwriting. There are twenty-four chapters, with an index, in which you will find many names of dramatists referred to and many plays. The newer aspects of the stage are naturally subjected to discussion throughout the volume. All the new movements are considered, an appreciative chapter being assigned to the Irish National Theatre. There is much that is general, but philosophical, while some of the chapters are usefully technical, such as: Where to begin a play; continuity of structure; rythm and tempo, and the value of stage conventions. Among other chapters are: The art of the moving picture play; the one-act play in America; the personality of the playwright; the period of pragmatism, and the undramatic drama.

"HOW TO SEE A PLAY." By Richard Burton. The Macmillan Co.: New York.

This book by the President of the Drama League will no doubt have a large circulation, the very title inviting perusal. He prepares the reader for a general understanding of what a play is and in what the art of playwriting consists, and he then, in various chapters refers to, with opinion, or summarizes all the notable plays of the day. The disposal he makes of these plays is exceedingly interesting, and in reading the book one may pass in review his own experiences, impressions and opinions as a theatre-goer.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at 8 West 38th Street, New York City, for April 1, 1915. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 8 West 38th Street, New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Louis and Paul Meyer, 8 West 38th Street, New York City. Publisher, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 8 West 38th Street, New York City. Owners: The Theatre Magazine Company, 8 West 38th Street, New York City, Mr. Henry Stern, 838 West End Ave., New York City, Mr. Louis Meyer, 8 West 38th Street, New York City, Mr. Paul Meyer, 8 West 38th Street, New York City. Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, none. Signed by Louis Meyer, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1915. George H. Brooke, Notary Public, New York County, No. 149. Commission expires March 30th, 1916.

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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The interview with Charles Klein which appears on page 293 of this issue, was given to the THEATRE MAGAZINE just before the dramatist sailed on the *Lusitania*, and had already gone to press in an early form when the news of his death reached this city. As the last talk given any publication by one of America's leading and most successful dramatists, it will be read with exceptional interest and significance.

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Mary Fuller

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Mary Fuller, star of the Universal Film Co., was born in Washington, D. C., in the early 90's. Before entering moving pictures she played several stock engagements and leads in several productions. Later she joined the film players and soon became leading player of the Edison Company, and one of the best advertised and most popular stars in filmdom. Besides a wonderfully expressive face and eloquent eyes Mary Fuller has the intelligence which makes her acting a delight to millions of moving picture devotees every day of the year.

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The Theatre Magazine—Book Department

WE ANNOUNCE the opening of our book department and will be pleased to supply to our readers any work relating to the stage, drama and music.

The following List of Books Should Be in the Library of Every Lover of Music and Drama and will be forwarded on receipt of order and amount.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
HIS LIFE AND WORKS
By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, M.A., Ph.D.

Cloth, Large, 8vo. $5.00.

Dr. Henderson has done his work with the Boswellian thoroughness and assiduity. He has tracked Mr. Shaw down through the files of remote and forgotten newspapers; he has ransacked libraries; he has unearthed and pumped Mr. Shaw's friends and critics in all countries; he has zealously studied the social movements in which his hero was involved, and got the atmosphere of the London intellectual cliques as if he had lived his life among them instead of being a professor in an American university.

The American Stage of To-Day
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A vital treatment of the drama in America as it is developed at the present day. It is almost ten years since the appearance of any similar work, and during that time important changes have marked the evolution of the stage in this country.

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Who's Who in the Theatre, 1914-15
JOHN PARKER, Editor

With an introduction by SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

8vo. Cloth. 946 pages. Net, $3.00

This book is primarily intended to be a biographical dictionary of the more prominent persons connected with the contemporary stage, not only of those engaged in the actual profession of acting, but also of managers, dramatists, musical composers, critics, etc.

The theatre of to-day is cosmopolitan, and the interchange of plays and players has become frequent, so that many hundred notabilities of the theatre not only in America and Great Britain, but also in the British Colonies, France, Germany, Holland and the other European countries are included.

The Theatre of Today
By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

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This book takes the modern theatre from different angles, showing how all the arts, painting, architecture, music, dancing, have been brought to the service of the drama in an unprecedented degree in the last ten years. The description of these forces is as simple as possible, and the illustrations, of unusual interest, have a direct relation to the text. From the matter of technique the book goes on to the work of the principal European and American dramatists of the period.

Who's Who in Music
A Biographical Record of Contemporary Musicians

H. SAXE WYNDHAM and GEOFFREY L'EPINE, Editors

8vo. 300 pages. Net, $2.00

An enormous section of the American public is largely interested in music and musicians. There is, however, probably no profession so lacking in cohesion or organization as that of music, and this is due in no small degree to the entire absence of definite, accessible information about its members great and small, illustrious and obscure. The compliers of "Who's Who in Music" set out with the idea of correcting this. They confine themselves to living personalities.

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It is hoped that all students of the drama and more especially those who desire to take part in the marked revival of dramatic literature on both sides of the Atlantic will find profit in a handbook the lack of which has hitherto been felt and regretted.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXI. JUNE, 1915 No. 172

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

White

ERNEST GLENDINNING AND LEILA HUGHES IN "A MODERN EVE" AT THE CASINO

White George Parsons May Vokes

SCENE IN FRED JACKSON'S FARCE, "A FULL HOUSE," AT THE LONGACRE

The New Plays.

PRINCESS. "NOBODY HOME." Musical comedy in two acts by Guy Bolton and Paul Rubens. Music by Jerome Kern and others. Produced on April 20th with this cast:

Regan Terry	J. Abbot Worthley
An Unknown	Tom Graves
Bell Boy	Quentin Tod
Rolando D'Amorini	Charles Judels
Mrs. D'Amorini	Maude Odell
Vernon Popple	George Anderson
Violet Brinton	Alice Dovey
Barmaid	Della Connor
"The Pippin"	Louise White
Lucille	Lillian Tucker
Jack Kenyon	George Lydecker
Miss "Tony" Miller	Adele Rowland
Dolly Dip	Helen Clarke
"Freddy" Popple	Lawrence Grossmith
Platt	Carl Lyle
An Interior Decorator	Tom Graves

"Nobody Home" is one of those pleasing entertainments, with song and dance, of no particular significance in idea or story, but which supplies for the moment agreeable impressions that are sufficient for an idle hour or two. Even for this purpose a comic opera must be comic and must have good quality. The performers in it have individual significance, so that the light opera abundantly answers its purpose. The action and humor of the piece are in the nature of a French farce, not an objectionable circumstance, for it supplies animation and complications. An Englishman of comic appearance and the usual stage obtuseness of his kind visits a brother, a fashionable dancer, in New York, and, at the hotel, is lodged in a room of a dancer, who is absent over night, and becomes the cause of a number of misunderstandings and happenings growing out of jealousies. Miss Rowland, with her archness and attractiveness is agreeable, from every point of view, as Tony, the dancer; and Miss Dovey, as Violet, in love with the brother of the English visitor, a society dancer, shares with Miss Rowland the appreciative attention of the audience. It will be observed that dancing is the feature of the story; and this dancing, distinguished in couples, is further carried on by frequent eruption of the chorus. Character is provided by various nationalities, Charles Judels being an Italian, pursued through the merry happenings by an angry and jealous wife, who is finally placated, but not without having experienced many anxieties. Tom Graves, one of the most eccentric comedians on the stage in his own way, contributed his personality. Quentin Tod and Helen Clarke introduced, on occasion, society dances with the latest steps and movements. Maude Odell, George Anderson, George Lydecker and Lawrence Grossmith belong to an assemblage of actors who are of a better quality than the story itself, and who have made a success of a very light but very agreeable piece.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE HYPHEN." Play in three acts by Justus Miles Forman. Produced on April 19th with this cast:

Heinrich Brandt	W. H. Thompson
Frau Brandt	Louise Sydmeth
Fritz	David Powell
Lili Buelow	Gail Kane
Bellows, "William"	Grant Stewart
A Maid	Ruth Ashmead
Rittmeister Karl	Robert Haines
Herr Liebermann	William Buress
Herr Schmidt	Bertram Marburgh
Officer	John N. Wheeler

It was inevitable that a deluge of war plays should follow Europe's Armaggedon. Some have been good; others indifferent. "The Hyphen" belongs to the latter class. The subject with which the piece deals—that of American neutrality and patriotism—is interesting and timely, but it is crudely written and shows throughout evidence of having been thrown together in great haste.

The play is intended as a protest against the active propaganda of certain German agents who abuse American hospitality by trying, secretly or openly, to alienate German born citizens from their allegiance to the United States. The character of Heinrich Brandt, the sturdy old German, who, after his inventive talents have been refused recognition in the Fatherland, comes to America to secure fame and fortune, is well drawn, and the scene in which he denounces the attempt of the German emissaries to get him to betray the flag of his new country is most effective.

In a generous impulse, Mr. Brandt donated a million dollars to the Kaiser's war chest. Instantly he is a marked man. German agents, with or without official authority, come to his house and make it a center of warlike propaganda. After praising the old man for his gift and conferring on him the decoration of the White Eagle, the agents say that he can render the Fatherland a still greater service by destroying the great powder plant which furnishes ammunition to the allies. The old man indignantly refuses. They threaten. He rises to order them out of the house, but the effort brings on a heart attack. He is carried away to bed and the conspirators have it all their own way, being aided by Fritz, the old man's son, who not realizing he is guilty of treason, agrees to drop a bomb from his aeroplane on to the powder works. But the United States secret service men have not been idle. They have watched the German agents and put a spy on their heels in the person of Lili Buelow, an attractive young woman who is ostensibly a guest in the Brandt household. Aided by an English butler, Lili watches closely every movement of the plotters, and at the psychological moment is able to foil them.

At times the play degenerates into rank melodrama. On the opening night, the German conspirators followed so faithfully every tradition of the conventional stage villain, stalking in tip-toed one after the other, hiding behind curtains, listening at keyholes, etc., that it is little wonder derisive laughter came from the sophisticated Broadway audience.

William H. Thompson gave a splendid impersonation of the old German, loyal to the land of his adoption. Gail Kane acted well the part of the English spy. David Powell was forceful as the son, Fritz, but a flawless English accent hardly fitted the character he assumed. No one could possibly have taken him for a man of German parentage.

PARK. "ARMS AND THE MAN." Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Revived on May 3rd with this cast:

Captain Bluntschli	Arnold Daly
Major Sergius Saranoff	Montagu Love
Major Petkoff	George Giddens
Nicola	Stanley Dark
Officer	Charles Laite
Catherine Petkoff	Anne Sutherland
Raina Petkoff	Doris Mitchell
Louka	Fania Marinoff

Mr. Arnold Daly's performances in the Bernard Shaw plays have a particular interest in that he is identified with their early introduction to the American stage. "Arms and the Man," it is true, was first produced by Richard Mansfield, and for that reason the revival of the play by Mr. Daly is less interesting than the revivals of "You Never Can Tell" and of "Candida." A comparison of the performance of Captain Bluntschli by Arnold Daly with that of Mansfield would serve no purpose, and is

really immaterial. The comedy is satirical, and Arnold Daly is hardly less qualified in the satiric disposition than Mansfield was. The play is too familiar, both in print and in the reminiscence of people to require recounting now. Times have changed, and the actual soldier of to-day is certainly not the soldier that Shaw had in his mind at the time he wrote the play. If he exists, he is not on the battlefield of to-day. In other words, the play is an anachronism. The consequence is that much of the peculiar humor and satire of Shaw has vanished from it, not entirely, but sufficiently so to make it that the play depends almost entirely on its acting qualities. It is a very good test of Shaw, for it is the action rather than the verbal brilliance that counts. Except for that it would be a poor thing. That the play stands revival is proof enough that Shaw is a dramatist. There is abundant character, dramatic situations and episodes. In fact, there is so much action in it that the performers, so willing it, may be as vociferous as in a melodrama. Indeed this tendency to over acting was conspicuous. Mr. Arnold Daly's performance was more measured, somewhat more subdued and more artistic perhaps than formerly. George Giddens, as Major Petkoff, is comical and plays with his usual effectiveness. If discrimination in excellence should be made approbation would fall to Fania Marinoff, as Louka. Other parts were taken by actors, already disinguished, and whose shortcomings in performance may be attributed to the fact that the play has gone back.

48TH STREET. "JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN." Drama in four acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced on April 13th with the following cast:

John Gabriel Borkman, Emanuel Reicher; Mrs. Gunhild Borkman, Alice Harrington; Erhart Borkman, Paul Gordon; Miss Ella Rentheim, Alma Kruger; Mrs. Fanny Wilton, Thais Lawton; Vilhelm Foldal, Roland Young; Frida Foldal, Inez Banghart; Maid, Edith Seabury.

Ibsen, instead of growing until he includes all classes and all seasons, is a dramatic author to be cherished and exploited by select societies and relegated to the spring or supplementary season when, it may be presumed, a discount is granted on the rent of a theatre. At least that seems to be his lot in New York, the modern stage offering, "John Gabriel Borkman," for a few performances at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, and Mr. Robert Whittier presenting "Ghosts" at the Longacre like a dish meant only for epicures. The former production had the supreme advantage of the acting of Emanuel Reicher, the famous Berlin actor, in the title rôle.

Herr Reicher in a "foreword" excuses himself for attempting to play in English, but he need not have done so, for except now and then to delay the tempo, his use of our tongue is exceptionally good, and permits him to give full meaning to his words. It should be said, at once, that this foreign actor succeeds in vitalizing Ibsen's heroic egotist, emphasizing his heroism without diminishing his humanity, as no actor, English or home-grown could do. Acting like that Herr Reicher does in the second act of this play is, unhappily, rarely to be seen now-a-days on our stage.

It is in this second act that the last play by Ibsen (this author announced his "When We Dead Awoke" as an epilogue) touches its highest pathos. In the third act, by no error of construction but by paucity of incident, the attention is not so closely held, and the force of the situation has spent itself, but the death scene of the "Miner's Son" on the rugged, snow-bound coast, overlooking the wild sea, carries us again up to the heights. A beautiful scene, exquisitely written, is this one, and few tragedies, however applauded, have ever reached so satisfactory a conclusion.

While "John Gabriel Borkman" can hardly be expected to hold the boards so frequently as other plays by Ibsen—as "Ghosts" or "The Doll's House" or even "Hedda Gabler," it is a play which inclines the spectator to a kindlier feeling towards the author than either of these, for here Ibsen's cynicism, his morbid egotism, takes a different shape, and our admiration for his powers is less frequently jarred by annoyance at their wayward misuse. Here it is possible to follow the fortunes of the hero as a human being to be loved or hated, or both, and we do not have to think of him as the exponent of a theory or a particular vein of thought.

Much of this change of heart may be due to the genius of Herr Reicher and his acting, at once strong and delicate, must be seen to appreciate the portrait that he paints of an egotist willing to sacrifice the woman he loved, the woman he married, his son, his friends, his dependants to his ideal—in brief a character essentially unsympathetic—and yet send us away from the theatre, understanding Ibsen's hero and *liking* him. It is possible that the once youthful enthusiasm of many for Ibsen has cooled, but here is another of his creatures whom they are certain to admit into their Pantheon—especially if they see Herr Emanuel Reicher in the rôle.

LYCEUM. "BEVERLY'S BALANCE." Comedy in three acts by Paul Kester. Produced on April 12th with this cast:

Watt Dinwiddie.....Pedro de Cordoba	Beverly Dinwiddie.....Margaret Anglin
Murphy .....Harry Barfoot	J. Courtland Redlaw.....William Boyd
Mrs. M. Randolph..Mrs. Charles G. Craig	Mrs. Redlaw.....Ruth Holt Boucicault

"Beverly's Balance" (a clumsy title, and that too in spite of the fact that three others had been tried and cast aside in its favor), the recent offering at the Lyceum is described by its author, Paul Kester, as a comedy in three acts. It is rather a satirical farce, based upon a novel hypothesis and worked out with admirable technical skill and embellished with dialogue that is apt, illustrative and sophistically witty. It is really a better composition than it appeared to be on the opening night, albeit its reception was a most flattering one, because on that occasion the tempo at times was exasperatingly slow, undue attention was given to unimportant details while two of the five principal characters were not realized.

It is all very ingenious and quite in the spirit of advanced modern conditions. Beverly is a rôle admirably suited to Miss Margaret Anglin's resourceful and effective comedy methods. It is a very human characterization which she presents and so naturally depicted that the very simplicity of her art probably conceals its true value. Her proud but practical aunt from the South is sketched with rare and unctuous humor by Mrs. C. G. Craig, although her Southern accent is somewhat intermittent, while the kindly generous and well meaning young millionaire, as acted by William Boyd, reveals that player as an actor of admirable intelligence and secure personal skill. Pedro De Cordoba is only fairly happy as the Cousin Watt, nor does Ruth Holt Boucicault quite bring out the charm of the silly wife, for without that quality the point of the situation is not realized. Harry Barfoot is quite capable in a minor rôle, and the two settings are eminently satisfying.

CASINO. "A MODERN EVE." Musical comedy from the German. Adapted by William M. Hough and Benjamin H. Burt; music by Jean Gilbert and Victor Hallender. Produced on May 3rd with this cast:

Baroness de la Roche Taille..Hazel Cox	Niniche Cascadier.Georgie Drew Mendum
Count Castell-Vajour....Alexander Clark	Casimir Cascadier.....William Norris
Justin Pontgirard....Ernest Glendinning	Secretary .....Ailene Boley
Dickey Rutherford.....Cyril Chadwick	Minister .....Herbert Salinger
Renee Cascadier.....Leila Hughes	Ponette .....Billie Wilkens
Camille Cascadier.....Dorothy Webb	Marguerite .....Tracy Elbert

In London they have revived "Floradora" and in New York they have revived something anterior even to that little piece of sextette fame. This is a musical comedy called "A Modern Eve," which has nothing modern about it except the adjective in the title. It comes from Germany, and the stage settings and costumes come from the West. To watch the two acts and to listen to the music recalled, not unpleasantly, a long series of innocuous and forgotten comic-operas which cavorted in this house under Aronson and Lederer, between the alpha and omega of this kind of entertainment, that is between "Erminie" and "Floradora." In those happy days no musical piece was complete without a march of young women masculinely attired and "A Modern Eve" restores this forgotten feature. Their costumes were of white satin knee-breeches and American beauty red coats. They carried roses of the same kind and the scene was pervaded by this striking shade of red. It did not tone in well with the red-brick house of the Pontgirards, and throughout the two scenes there were frequent clashes of color. But these would not have

A Snapshot Guide to the Theatres

BANDBOX. Bill of four unusual plays acted by the Washington Square Players.

BOOTH. "THE BUBBLE." New character study by Edward Locke, in which that mirthful and artistic performer, Louis Mann, appears as a retail delicatessen shopkeeper.

CANDLER. "ON TRIAL." Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a novel and effective way. One of the genuine successes of the present season.

CASINO. "A MODERN EVE." Old-fashioned musical comedy from the German, with William Norris and Ernest Glendinning in the cast.

COHAN. "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." Highly amusing farce growing out of the idea that publicity spells success.

COMEDY. "THE WHITE FEATHER." Play of the present war and the German spy system.

CORT. "UNDER COVER." Polite melodrama of the New York Customs, with a novel twist at the end.

ELTINGE. "THE SONGS OF SONGS." Vivid and somewhat salacious play of gay life in New York; based on Sudermann's novel.

EMPIRE. "A CELEBRATED CASE." Stately old melodrama of the "TWO ORPHANS" school, revived with a remarkable cast, including some of our most distinguished players.

48TH STREET. Revival of Gilbert and Sullvan's tuneful operetta, "THE MIKADO," featuring that favorite comedian, De Wolf Hopper.

44TH STREET. "THE PEASANT GIRL." Successful version of a foreign opera, with catchy music and the popular Emma Trentini.

FULTON. "TWIN BEDS." Vastly amusing farce, built on the complications of life in a New York apartment house.

GAIETY. "SHE'S IN AGAIN." New farcical comedy by Thomas J. Gray, presented by Ned Wayburn.

GLOBE. "CHIN-CHIN." Musical fantasy with the inimitable Montgomery and Stone and a bevy of pretty girls.

HARRIS. "THE LIE." Interesting drama of English life with emotional opportunities for Margaret Illington.

HUDSON. "THE SHOW SHOP." A play within a play; clever farce dealing with life behind the scenes.

LONGACRE. "A FULL HOUSE." An amusing farce, well acted, that should prove good summer entertainment.

LYCEUM. "BEVERLY'S BALANCE." Sprightly farce in which Margaret Anglin reveals her skill as a comedienne.

LYRIC. "THE ONLY GIRL." Musical comedy by the popular authors of "Mlle. Modiste." Clever entertainment above the average in artistic merit.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "EXPERIENCE." Ingenious morality play depicting the perils that beset Youth in the Big City.

PLAYHOUSE. "SINNERS." Old-fashioned melodrama of the kind that used to delight our grandfathers.

PARK. Alternate bill. "YOU NEVER CAN TELL" and "ARMS AND THE MAN." Revival of two of Bernard Shaw's comedies by Arnold Daly and acted by capable casts.

PRINCESS. "NOBODY HOME." New musical comedy of the usual Broadway type.

REPUBLIC. "THE NATURAL LAW." Another unsavory "Sex" play dealing with the struggle between natural sex attraction and the conventions of society.

SHUBERT. "TRILBY." Elaborate revival with a remarkable cast of the dramatization of Du Maurier's famous story, which first took New York by storm twenty years ago.

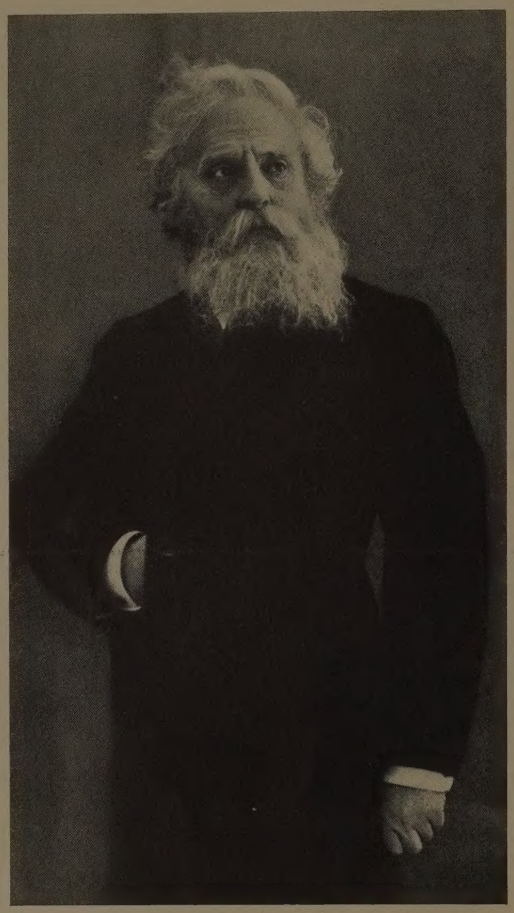
39TH STREET. "TAKING CHANCES." Comedy with a gentleman burglar, impersonated by Lou-Tellegen, for its hero.

WINTER GARDEN. "MAID IN AMERICA." Usual girl-and-music show, featuring popular vaudeville favorites.

been criticized back in the middle eighties; now-a-days audiences are very particular about color schemes.

The plot of this German-American opera would not confuse a Montessori pupil—it is, however, kept going and not buried under interpolated vaudeville acts. A strong-minded woman, quite the strongest minded, brings her daughters up to professions and in the mood to reject suitors in marriage if these will not promise to obey. One daughter marries—the incident, priest and wedding veil, orange blossoms, etc., provides a first finale—and in the second act seeks a divorce from her husband of a year. This is a mother-in-law act with a vengeance. A flowery rampart separates the men from the women on the stage and across this are shouted and sung all the well-worn arguments for and against woman suffrage. William Norris is truly funny here and he has need to be. Nothing happens in the end except a general reconciliation. The introduction of two "international" dancers who twirl very marvelously—the woman exhibiting in her revolutions a pair of ankle-length lace trousers—provides a needed contemporary note to make the title fit the comedy.

BANDBOX. The Washington Square Players, offering from time to time little plays of unequal merit, with some that should not be produced at all, have managed so far to present at least a novelty with each bill. They are beginning also to introduce a certain novelty in the way of better performances. The feature of their last bill is "A Miracle of St. Anthony," a satiric legend by Maurice Maeterlinck. It is one of his earlier plays, and there was some claim, although it was not announced on the bill, that it was produced from a manuscript. The Maeterlinck quality is in it. There are eighteen characters, including a corpse. The presence of a deceased person, laid out on a bier in an alcove, from which the curtains are presently drawn, would seem to be daring. So it is, but it is treated in the right satiric spirit, and strangely enough the spirit of comedy. This is partly possible because it is a legend. St. Anthony visits a house, the mistress of which has died, the relatives being assembled for the funeral feast. The old servant maid, alone in the room, is unwilling to admit the shabby looking priest with the halo about his head, but she is a religious person and finally consents to call the head of the house. There is a general inclination to turn the priest out, and various characters attempt to reason with the man who has come to bless the house and who demands to see the corpse. When they reason with him and, in turn, take hold of him to thrust him out, they find him as immovable and rigid as a statue. They finally have the curtain drawn and when St. Anthony stands in the presence of the dead he brings the woman to life. She sits up and begins an angry tirade. She falls back, and later it is found that life has departed from her, after St. Anthony has been thrust out. A part of the satire is the disappointment of the various relatives in the coming to life of the person from whom they expected inheritances. Certainly this is a very unusual piece. It was hardly Maeterlinck at his best. It was at least a novelty. In the acting, the company, here and there, showed some professional qualities. A play by Rose Pastor Stokes, entitled "In April," was the first play of the bill. While something in the nature of an episode, it was from the life and was gripping. A girl, living with her mother who is mistreated, often beaten, by the drunken husband, the girl's stepfather, is about to go away with a young man, her lover, but after a scene of brutality on the part of the stepfather, who comes in, she breaks down sobbing at the door, having made up her mind to continue in the sordid and miserable life with her mother, sacrificing herself in order to be at her side. Mrs. Stokes has written something here that shows the dramatic faculty. Miss Marie McNally, it being her first appearance on the stage, acted the part of the girl in a way that showed eminent fitness for the task. Not only was her performance good in itself, it gave promise of just the kind of talent that the company needs in its ranks. "Forbidden Fruit," adapted from the French of Octave Feuillet, was described as an artificiality. It was that and more. The characters were in costume. Two fantastic lovers vie for the hand of a rich and pampered maiden. Its chief merit was in picturesqueness, its trivialty denying it other merits. Mr. Edward Goodman, the playwright in-ordinary, had a play entitled "Saviors." Two characters, mother and son, have a dialogue, at the end of which the mother consents to a marriage to which she had objected, the girl being unworthy of her son, in her own opinion and no doubt in fact. Mr. Goodman has the dramatic touch, but the little play is of doubtful value.



EMANUEL REICHER
As John Gabriel Borkman

48TH STREET. "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD." Operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan. Revived on April 19th with this cast:

Sir Richard Cholmondeley..John Willard	First Yeoman.....Frank Clarke
Colonel Fairfax.....Arthur Aldridge	Second Yeoman.....George Abbott
Sergeant Meryll.....Herbert Waterous	First Citizen.....William Quimby
Leonard Meryll.....Hugh Dwyer	Second Citizen.....Henry Smith
Jack Point.....De Wolf Hopper	Elsie Maynard.....Natalie Alt
Wilfred Shadbolt.....William Danforth	Phoebe Meryll.....Gladys Caldwell
The Headsman.....James Hughes	Dame Carruthers.....Marie Horgan

Originally scheduled for a week, the run of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the 48th Street Theatre was several times extended, in response to a very positive demand on the part of the public. A most promising and intelligent sign of reviving taste. For while this joint effort of Gilbert and Sullivan has never been widely popular it presents them both in a vein of polite, gracious and refined charm. The period is English, in the sixteenth century, and the fantastic book is instinct with the Elizabethan spirit, while its humor is consistently archaic in its Shakespearian flavor. It is its picturesqueness that largely appeals, while the lyrics are supremely facile in their ingenious use of whimsical ideas presented with a dextrous manipulation of the vernacular. Jack Point, the itinerant jester, is a creation of irresponsible good nature, superimposed on a strata of real feeling. In his exposition of this rôle De Wolf Hopper proves himself a genuine artist. Not only does he sing his numbers with neat and convincing skill, but he invests Jack with an undercurrent of moving intent. His jocular movements are hilariously effective. William Danforth as the saturnine jailer presents a capital comic foil, and Herbert Waterous' fine rich voice has a capital outlet in the music allotted to the Sergeant. Arthur Aldridge vocally meets the every requirement as Col. Fairfax. With his long experience, however, it is quite remarkable that he does not histrionically advance. There is picturesque and youthful charm to Natalie Alt's rendering of Elsie, while Gladys Caldwell is piquantly expressive as Phoebe Meryll. Very modern was Marie Horgan as Dame Carruthers. The costumes and scenery were serviceably adequate.

BRAMHALL. "THE LOST CO-RESPONDENT." Farcial comedy by Butler Davenport. Produced on May 3rd last with the following cast:

Adolph.....Jack Ford	Mr. Doty.....Gideon Burton
The Woman.....Edna Archer Crawford	Mr. Boyd.....Hamilton Mott
Duke Frothingham.....Frank Patten	Mr. Flint.....Jack Murphy
Channing Armstrong...Butler Davenport	Josa.....Charles Coghlan
The Female.....Ina Brooks	Vautrano.....Louis Alberni
Lenn Armstrong.....Celia Randolph	Inspector Guffy.....John Jarrett

The latest and last production at the Bramhall Playhouse was "The Lost Co-Respondent." In this play Mr. Butler Davenport, whose ambition the house represents, abandoned the serious problems of life and took up its oldest follies such as have been exploited in farces after the manner of the French for these many years. In other words, the last piece was reactionary. It is plain that Mr. Davenport is trained in purely theatrical things. While the performance was not of a high professional standard, yet it was not amateurish. The play was badly constructed and on the whole, ineffective, but the symptoms of theatrical experience were always manifest. The story of the play has no significance, if indeed it was wholly intelligible because of bad construction. The subject of divorce was under considerable discussion, but it seemed to be injected into the piece without reason, being inconsistent, as a serious discussion, in a more or less trivial farce. If the idea of the piece was obscure, confusion was further brought into it by the appearance of three figures in black, veiled women in the action, whose relations were difficult to follow because they all looked alike. There was much overacting and much that was purposeless.

LONGACRE. "A FULL HOUSE." Farce in three acts by Fred Jackson. Produced on May 10th with this cast:

Parkes.....Edgar Norton	Ned Pembroke, Jr.....Ralph Morgan
Susie.....May Vokes	George Howell.....George Parsons
Ottilie Howell.....Elizabeth Nelson	Dougherty.....C. W. Goodrich
Mrs. Winnecker....Maud Turner Gordon	Jim Mooney.....Hugh Cameron
Daphne Charters.....Claiborne Foster	Clancy.....Arthur P. Hyman
Nicholas King.....Herbert Corthell	Mrs. Fleming.....Clare Weldon

It was Edgar MacGregor who staged "A Full House" at the Longacre. Mr. MacGregor seems to have a nice

(*Continued on page 316*)

GREEK TRAGEDIES IN C.C.N.Y. STADIVM.

Photo White

Portable Greek Stage designed by Norman Wilkinson for Granville Barker's Greek productions. The stage is 100 feet wide and after being used in New York will be transported to Harvard, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania

ON Saturday, May 29th, weather permitting, Granville Barker will inaugurate the magnificent Greek stadium, just completed for the College of the City of New York, with a performance of "The Trojan Women," and will introduce to an invited audience of about 20,000 dignitaries and students a massive symbol of ancient Athens, which, it is the hope of the Mayor of New York and his committee, will serve the city in the same manner as those classic edifices of antiquity which gave to Greece not only the finest athletes but also the finest actors.

It had long been the desire of Dr. John H. Finley, State Superintendent of Education, that the first collegiate stadium ever erected in New York might be dedicated by the presentation of a Greek tragedy—but it was a bold suggestion to make in the height of the baseball season! Finally, George McAneny, President of the Board of Aldermen, conceived the idea of inviting Granville Barker to include the new stadium in the "high-brow circuit," which he was planning to take among the other great stadiums of the country. Quickly the plan took root, and all the men immediately interested gave their unqualified support to it. Adolph Lewisohn, who presented the stadium to the college, was among the scheme's warmest advocates, as were President Mezes, of City College, and the entire Board of Trustees. Mr. Barker, upon receiving the invitation, at once signified his willingness to present his elaborate productions of "The Trojan Women" and "Iphigenia in Tauris."

The stadium is on the exact pattern of the typical Greek theatres. Semi-circular in shape, it rises tier upon tier of stone benches high above the arena, and its chastely modeled lines stand out in interesting contrast against the beautiful college buildings, built in granite after the style of the Renaissance, which form themselves in academic cluster in the background. While it is not as large as such structures as the Yale Bowl and the Harvard Stadium, it ranks well among the big stadiums of the country, and will readily hold over 20,000 people at a time.

The stage which Mr. Barker will erect in the immediate centre of the stadium, between the two outlying points of the semi-circle, will be modeled after the stages actually used 415 B. C. in Athens, when "The Trojan Women" was first exhibited to vast throngs gathered from all classes and from all parts of Greece. The scene in that period was invariably supposed to represent either a temple or a palace. From a large entrance in the centre, the important characters, supposedly resident within, made their entrances and exits, while from the two smaller doors on either side, issued the lesser characters and servants. Characters supposed to be coming from a distance appeared on the stage by means of stairs which ran entirely around the stage, as did also the chorus, that invariable, sonorous and dignified element of (*Continued on page* 312)

Adolph Lewisohn Stadium College of the City of New York.—Arnold W. Brunner, Architect.

(Inset) Lillah McCarthy as Iphigenia in "Iphigenia in Tauris."

Charles Frohman Lost on the Lusitania

Charles Klein and Justus Miles Forman also go to their deaths on the ill-fated steamship.

THE destruction of the giant Cunarder, the *Lusitania,* on May 7th last, by a German torpedo, laid heavy toll on the theatrical profession. Charles Frohman, America's leading theatrical producer; Charles Klein, one of America's best-known dramatists, and Justus Miles Forman, author of "The Hyphen," were among those who fell innocent victims to the Kaiser's wrath. All three had been warned against sailing by anonymous telegrams received before starting, but they took no heed. Charles Klein's last words on the dock were: "I'm too busy thinking over my new 'Potash and Perlmutter' play to bother about torpedoes." The despatches say that when the ship went down Mr. Frohman, Mr. Klein and Mr. Forman all stood on deck together facing the end. Mr. Frohman's body was the first to be recovered. The expression on his face was reported to be the most placid among all in the Queenstown morgue.

For over twenty years Charles Frohman has been the leading figure among theatrical producers in this country. Under his direction and genius the American stage has been given an impetus, and reached a height of prosperity it has never known before. He was not maptly called the Napoleon of the drama. Not only in personal appearance, but in his daring, impetuous methods he resembled the conqueror of Austerlitz. To his associates and intimates he was simply C. F. Kind and considerate to all, especially to those in his employ, never was a man more respected and loved by those having business dealings with him.

Born in Sandusky, Ohio, in 1860, Charles Frohman commenced life as a clerk on the New York *Tribune.* Later he was employed in the box office at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn, and this was his first connection with the theatrical profession. Later he joined Haverly's Minstrels as business manager, and in 1879 was assistant manager of the Madison Square Theatre. He gave up this position to become a dramatic agent and organize companies of his own, but without success until 1889 when, with the financial backing of Al Hayman, he produced Bronson Howard's Civil War play "Shenandoah," the success of which brought a fortune both to producer and author.

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CHARLES FROHMAN

Marceau

CHARLES KLEIN

© Chas. Frohman

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

In his personality Charles Frohman was the antithesis of the popular idea of the theatrical manager. It would be impossible to suggest the name of a man who is, who ever has been, before the public in a similar capacity who was more impersonal to his business than he. Instead of courting publicity for himself he actually shunned it. It pained him to see his portrait printed, and he gave orders at his office that it should never be given out for publication. His manners, habits and tastes were of the simplest kind. It was a great misfortune to the American stage that Charles Frohman never had the advantages of a first-class education. He started in life to make his own living before school days were over, so that his life was one of hard work, reverses and disappointments before he achieved material success, and there was no time for intellectual pursuits. The success of "Shenandoah" relieved him of all his debts and gave him his first real start in life. So that, while Mr. Frohman fought shy of the work of American dramatists, preferring to import his plays, it was after all an American play that put him on his feet financially. "Shenandoah" was the starting point of Charles Frohman's career as a successful manager because it founded his stock company, the excellence of which became his first trade mark. John Drew was Mr. Frohman's first star. Since then many other distinguished players have placed themselves under his direction. They include Maude Adams, William Gillette, Annie Russell, Virginia Harned, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, William Crane, William Faversham, Billie Burke, Julia Sanderson, Blanche Bates, Marie Doro, Ethel Barrymore, Nat Goodwin, Otis Skinner, Ann Murdock and Florence Reed. Mr. Frohman controlled in New York the following theatres: the Empire, Lyceum, and Knickerbocker and the Garrick and Criterion until they closed. He also controlled several theatres in other large cities in the United States, and was also interested in many other playhouses owing to his association with Klaw and Erlanger, and Hayman & Co. In London, he controlled the Duke of York's Theatre and formerly the Globe Theatre.

Certainly no theatrical manager in the world, living or dead, has had interests as numerous and widespread as these, and in America where success in any direction commands respect the personality and achievements of Charles Frohman justify the title given him of the "Napoleon of the drama."

In dealing with his actors Mr. Frohman was an autocrat. He was liberal to a fault in all money matters, but his word was law. It was also as good as his bond or better. If he liked you, then you could have anything you wanted. With a man of such tremendous interests decision was an all important quality. When he took a stand he did not recede from it and there were those who took this for obstinacy. It was simply inflexibility of purpose without which Mr. Frohman, who was pulled at from morning to night, would have lived in a troubled sea.

Mr. Frohman's temperament did not let him do business in a small way. It led him to branch out, to grasp all that came within his reach. He was imbued with the spirit of his time and that spirit is one of restless energy, remorseless competition, expansion. Cardinally speaking, the most prominent trait in Mr. Frohman's character was that of boldness. Napoleon once said: "Boldness, always boldness." C. F. learned his lesson well.

Mr. Frohman made his headquarters at the Empire Theatre. There, on the third floor at the end of a long room, one would find him busy at his desk, the latter covered with a mass of letters and telegrams several inches deep. Of recent years, especially during his attack of articular rheumatism which rendered him lame, he transacted his business in the little suite of rooms he occupied at the Hotel Knickerbocker. He was a hard man to reach, but once you had secured access to his presence he listened attentively to what you had to say. At the outset he was sympathetic, although he quickly rejected a scheme if it did not at once appeal to him. When he started in to read a play, if it did not interest him in the first five minutes and if he did not find a situation in the first few pages of the manuscript, he never bothered himself to finish the reading of it. Situations Mr. Frohman dubbed as "tricks," and unless there were numerous "tricks" in the piece, it stood no chance with him. The manager's hard common sense taught him that it is only situations which count with the public, and the public was his *alter ego.* He preferred to wait upon the discoveries of the London and Paris managers for his plays upon the theory that the American pays more attention to the imported

article than to the home-made one, although of late years he had begun to modify this policy. His theory was that by producing all the foreign plays no other American manager had a chance to succeed with them and, most important of all, he secured a hold upon the author for his next work which might turn out an important success.

As he was more in the public eye as a manager than any other, he also was more in the playwright's eye for the same reason. Consequently an avalanche of plays reached him. Every amateur who wrote a play straight away sent it to Charles Frohman. The manager dealt more in personalities—authors—than he did in plays. Nevertheless a certain amount of hypnotism was necessary. He must first believe in the playwright before he could be brought to believe in his play. In this respect C. F. was just a human being swayed by his prejudices, emotions, predelictions, theory of life, like all of us.

As to the monetary returns of Mr. Frohman's ventures he ought to have been a very rich man. The same talent for business affairs on a large scale would have made him a daring and successful operator in any branch of commercial activity and yielded him millions, but it is doubtful if he left much. He was too lavish in his expenditures, too daring; he never stopped to count the cost of anything. Actually no will has been found.

Charles Frohman served the public well. To him our stage owes a realization of high standards; and from him no one can withhold respect and sorrowful regret. That he was a sacrifice to the insensate brutality of war heightens this regret. America has lost a good citizen.

Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Music Master," etc., was one of America's most successful dramatists. By a singular and sad coincidence, the main particulars of his interesting career are given in the interview with him printed elsewhere in this issue. He was born in London in 1867 and married Lilian Gottlieb, formerly play-reader for Charles Frohman. The dramatists had a beautiful home at New Hampstead, London, where he spent most of his time. His favorite recreations were golf and music. He had a kindly, genial nature, which remained unspoiled by success. He will be sincerely mourned.

Justus Miles Forman, author of "The Hyphen," the war play produced recently at the Knickerbocker Theatre, was a magazine writer, and was on his way to the front as a war correspondent. He was also the author of several novels, one of which, "The Garden of Lies," was presented in dramatic form by Sir George Alexander at the St. James Theatre.

Charles Frohman—The Man and the Manager

By one who knew him intimately

"CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS": It is a familiar phrase and it meant that the manager always presented to the theatre-going public the best that was in him. The effort may sometimes have failed, but a play was never presented by him, with this familiar hall-mark of his art, until he felt that it represented his best effort and his tried judgment, and on these he was satisfied to let his effort rest. Vanity was utterly foreign to his nature. The great theatre-going public knew that Charles Frohman did not present himself. The wonderful "little man," whose tragic death on the *Lusitania* shocked the world and left stunned and silent those few whom he called his friends, preferred always to stand back in the shadow. No school girl was ever more modest in her demeanor, no man was more retiring, no individual ever sought out with real endeavor the farthest places in the background than this producer of plays.

But while he, himself, kept out of sight, he threw all his energy into making everyone who loved the theatre know and feel just what "Charles Frohman presents" meant. So in the announcement of the star, the billing of the play, the printed advertisements, the posters on the city walls, the labelled proclamation "Charles Frohman presents" meant that back of it all was the resistless force, the illuminating genius and intuition, the untiring energy of the man who six people on as many blocks in the theatrical section of Broadway did not even know by sight.

It was the Charles Frohman of the association in the office, of the long sessions at rehearsals in darkened and dim theatres, of the travels on sea and land, of the walks in the country and the cab drives to escape the great crowd who sought his interviews, the dictation all alone, the watching of the man at work—it was these intimate relations, these moments that brought one near to this exceptional personality, that made him so dear to the little circle of those that were close. And it is within this little circle that the blow falls with fearful cruelty and with the pang that such a death should come to one so gentle, to one who loved life and made a wonderful workshop out of his own world in the great universe of human endeavor

Photo Byron

ENTRANCE TO THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Speaking reminiscently of Charles Frohman, his fellow manager, David Belasco, said: "He was possessed of one idea—to own and control a theatre. One evening as we walked up Broadway Charley turned to me: 'Oh, David,' he said, 'I want a theatre, and want it bad. Now, hear me, in two years I predict that I will have a theatre of my own on Broadway.' And before the year was over he had induced some friends to finance him in the purchase of property at Fortieth Street, and the Empire Theatre was founded."

Mr. Frohman loved his voyages on the sea. Though he was warned of the danger of the trip across at this time, and many of his closest friends and nearest business associates tried to persuade him to defer his visit, he sailed away reckless of danger and eager for the rest the days on the ocean would give him. For it was on the sea that Mr. Frohman had his best and real rest. He was free from the cares and details of his office, and there was a better opportunity here in the great loneliness of the ship and the sea to seek out that seclusion he liked. Following a custom he has always conscientiously carried out, sending a wireless farewell to each one of his stars, it was the manager's habit on shipboard to do no work except the reading of plays. He spent the entire day in his cabin, always the largest on the ship, generally in his berth or lounging comfortably about. Towards evening he would come on deck for a series of walks around the promenade, talking only of the things about him. Then came the dinner which he always enjoyed. Frequently he had a relish or some pastry served that he had sent to the steward from his country place. He had a table alone except for his representative or the friend that was travelling with him. Dinner over he would go to the smoking room for his coffee and the long after-dinner cigar, and here his diversion was a few games of dominoes. He entered always into the life of the ship and was very cordial to his fellow passengers. I recall on one of his trips that he attended a gathering in the smoking-room when the bets were being recorded on the steamer's run for the day. He took a deep interest in all the proceedings but they were lengthy and breaking into his sleep hours so he slipped away, but not until he had staked the two friends with him sufficiently to do some betting. At breakfast when he was told that both had lost he laughed and remarked: "Well, you were betting for me."

When he arrived at Liverpool or Southampton there was his faithful English Lieutenant, William Lestocq, to meet him. A compartment was reserved for him in the London express, for even into his railway traveling he carried out his desire for seclusion. When crossing the channel there was always a room for him on the ship just as there was always a drawing room on the parlor cars. Some years ago he was leaving Toledo, Ohio, where he had gone to see one of his first productions. When he reached the depot his valet told him all the drawing rooms were taken on the Pullman. So he quietly ordered the "boy" to buy all the seats in the parlor car, and with a friend and the valet he had the entire car to himself.

But into this seclusion, when travelling, he always brought one that was close to him. For a long time it was Charles Dillingham, whose genial personality he liked, or it was the late John J. Jennings of the Evening *World*, for whom he had a long and tried friendship. Sometimes Paul M. Potter would accompany him on these trips and again it would be Anson Pond. In London he was especially fond of the company of Sir James M. Barrie, a man of the same retiring type. But in New York he was seldom seen with anyone but these who have been mentioned.

So to the few who were very close to him there comes into their sorrow an added grief that in the seclusion of his life there must have been a great loneliness when he died, so cruelly, so unnecessarily and so impenetrable of the mysteries of life and fate.

Mr. Frohman's quiet and modest personality was his nature. He was that way when a boy working in a newspaper office or selling tickets at a theatre at night. He was always quiet. To those who watched him then and saw his genius grow and those who watched him in the years of his expansion and still later at the height of his success there was always evident in his quiet a deep searching out of his mind for things ahead of him—an inner vision that developed slowly but with wonderful firmness when he was sure. He was a man of very few words. These

words were direct and full of force. The little typewritten orders, the telegrams and the cables that came into the Empire Theatre offices initialed "C. F." never had to be explained. They were as full of force and meaning as "Charles Frohman Presents."

It was when his great heart, through whose open windows to all life few were permitted to see, made tender an action or a speech that those about him realized the tenderness of the man. His smile was always genuine. If he praised he meant it. If he reprimanded it was to improve and correct and not to hurt. In all the army of his employed there is not to be found one that he ever intentionally hurt. There are a thousand instances of the good he did—the countless little things that mean so much and which so many people forget to do. His very presence in a theatre where one of his companies was playing was electrifying to the actor. Everybody wanted to please Charles Frohman.

When the reconstructed Empire Theatre was formally opened, Mr. Frohman, aware of the reception that might be precipitated upon its unwilling manager, slipped out of town to see a play in some near-by city. A few days afterwards he dropped into the Empire Theatre to look over his cables from London. These read he walked up to the second floor and opening the door to the telephone room said to the surprised girl at the switchboard:

"I just wanted to see how you liked your new room."

Rehearsing a new play in Cleveland he stopped the action of the piece one morning telling a young actress that she did not quite "get" the meaning of the lines. She tried and tried but did not reach the reading he wanted. Presently in despair she looked appealingly over the footlights to the man in the orchestra chair and said:

"I don't think I can get it Mr. Frohman," and then after a pause, "Really sir, I hardly see the use of that speech anyhow."

Mr. Frohman, without moving from his seat called to the stage manager to cut out the lines. The girl immediately began to cry.

"Why do you cry?" asked the manager.

"Because," said the young actress, "when you take out those lines you take out all my part."

"Put them back," shouted Frohman, addressing the stage manager.

Even in the hours of his greatest success Charles Frohman loved to linger in the reminders of his early days. When on the road he never tired of visiting the older managers whom he had known when he was traveling with a company. He liked to take a look at some of the places in his career where fortune did not smile. I remember once calling on a liveryman with Mr. Frohman. The man had hauled the theatrical scenery for the local theatre for many years and was a rough diamond. Seeing Mr. Frohman he slapped the manager on the back and in a voice full of geniality said:

"Charlie, you are a good fellow. You always paid your transfer bills."

Many a time after a rehearsal at the Empire, at Daly's or at the Lyceum he has slipped away with one of his friends across to a side street and enjoyed himself with real boyish genuineness in one of the old-fashioned ham and beans and butter cake places. He was fond of dropping into Oliver Hitchcock's sawdust-sprinkled floor lunch place on Park Row, where he ate when he was in the circulation department of the old Daily *Graphic*, and where the circulation men still go to have their midnight meals.

No traveler knew London better than Mr. Frohman. He loved the walks in the parts of the town hallowed by many memories—the Dickens haunts, the old Cheshire Cheese and the long strolls up and down the Embankment. He was especially fond of walking. He seldom used an automobile. He knew every bit of every American city—he knew every bit of old New York and he was wonderfully interested in all the new.

In the handling and the conduct of his starring system of players his great work was done with thorough gentleness. He was always planning something for them. He was ever cabling or telegraphing little messages of cheer for the present or helpful glimpses into the future he was preparing for them. He was always fond of recalling his engagement of his first star. I remember once in Washington he showed me a tree on Pennsylvania Avenue near Fourteenth Street where he said he had stood when he decided to take a young and promising actor from the Daly company and star him—the actor was John Drew. Henry Miller told me a long time ago that he was walking from the theatre to the hotel one night with Charles Frohman, in San Francisco, and that when they parted Mr. Frohman touched him on the arm and said:

"Henry, I believe the day is coming when I will have my own theatre in New York."

It was my sad duty to break the news to Mr. Frohman of the death of Mrs. Gilbert and of Sir Henry Irving, and it was then that the tenderness of his great self was most evident. He was standing on the steps of the National Theatre in Washington when I told him of Sir Henry's death. He went into the inner office and walked up and down for a long time silent and smoking. Outside a dozen reporters and representatives of English papers were waiting. In a little while he called me in and dictated a tribute to the actor—one of the most beautiful summing up of the man's effort and a tribute to a man's worth that I had ever heard.

To all of those in his employ and to those near him this man was known simply as "C. F." In the shadow that has fallen across the threshold of his own and favorite theatre, the Empire, these now bow their heads submissively, but not understanding, while upon their hearts the tender memories of this gentle man carve in letters of imperishable gold the simple but lovingly remembered letters "C. F." WELLS HAWKS.

We mourn the loss of a friend—Charles Frohman has gone to the world beyond.

It has been our great privilege to meet him—not so much as the man of business, but as a friend. To him we went when the *Theatre Magazine* was first started in 1900; his advice and encouragement were appreciated to the full extent.

Since then we have met him many times and his interest in the publication of the *Theatre Magazine* never failed us.

His untimely death comes as a great shock to the entire dramatic world.

To his bereaved family and to his associates, we extend our deepest sympathy. **THE PUBLISHERS.**

Photo Paul Thompson

SCENE IN MAETERLINCK'S PLAY, "A MIRACLE OF ST. ANTHONY," PRESENTED BY THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

Photos White

Mrs. Charles G. Craig William Boyd Margaret Anglin

Margaret Anglin Pedro De Cordoba
IN A SCENE IN ACT II

Margaret Anglin Pedro De Cordoba

To tide over a financial strait, Beverly Dinwiddie, a proud but wholesome daughter of Virginia, agrees to act as a platonic co-respondent in a divorce suit proposed by the vain and silly wife of a young millionaire, that she may wed a title. Beverly, of course, by her tact, although misunderstood, reconciles the jarring couple and gets a husband in the person of her stupid but well-meaning cousin, Watt Dinwiddie

SCENES IN PAUL KESTER'S COMEDY "BEVERLY'S BALANCE" AT THE LYCEUM

Photo Gem Studio

CHINESE DINNER GIVEN IN NEW YORK IN HONOR OF ELLEN TERRY

The dinner was given by Mr. C. V. Miller at 249 Fifth Avenue on April 15. All the guests were in Chinese costume, wearing robes, hats, etc., secured at the fall of Pekin, and the menu consisted of Chinese dishes. Those present, as numbered, included: 1. Mrs. Forbes-Robertson, 2. Miss Ellen Terry, 3. Miss Gertrude Kingston 4. Miss Rose O'Neil, 5. Mrs. Martin Littleton, 6, Mrs. Hale Robertson, 7. Mrs. Elsa Barker, 8. Mr. Witter Brimer, 9. Mrs. Parker Nevin, 10. Mr. Vance Thompson, 11. Mr. William Cornwell, 12. Mr. Parker Nevin, 13. Mr. Louis Fancher, 14. Mr. E. Romanoff, 15. Dr. A. Eisen, 16. Mr. C. V. Miller, 17. Mrs. Louis Fancher.

Bangs

EDWARD LOCKE

Whose daring play "The Revolt" has created much discussion lately, was born in England in 1889. His parents came to America, and young Locke worked in his father's factory. Later he was reporter on the Pittsburgh Dispatch and it was during this period that he attempted to write plays. Some years ago he came to New York to secure an engagement as an actor and appeared in the rôle of the Walking Delegate in "The Music Master." While acting Mr. Locke wrote a number of vaudeville sketches and some half dozen melodramas. "The Climax" was his first play of a serious nature. He is also author of "The Case of Becky" and "The Bubble."

ARTUR BODANSKY

Who succeeds Alfred Hertz as conductor of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House next season was born in Vienna in 1878. A pupil of Mahler, he began his career by conducting operettas at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, and afterwards at the Lortzing Theatre in Berlin. In 1910 he was called to Mannheim, Germany, and appointed Musical Director of the Court Opera which position he still holds. He has the reputation of being the greatest among the young conductors and is an exponent of the Mahler school.

Photo Walinger

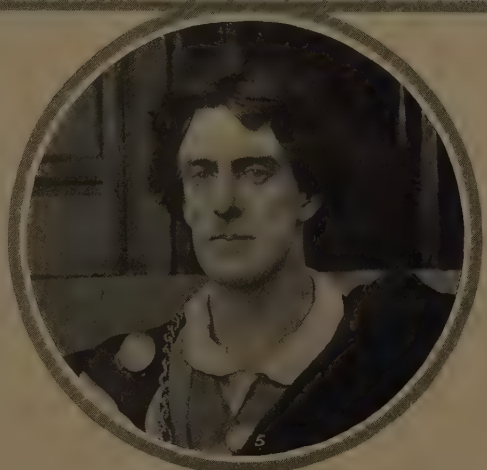
CHARLES SUMNER

Author of "The Natural Law," the play which handles so candidly a fundamental question, and which earned the distinction of being prohibited by the authorities in Boston, is a young man of thirty. Born in Chicago and educated at the University of Illinois, he is an unprofessional student of sociology. "The Natural Law" is the first play from his pen that has had a professional production. As a member of amateur dramatic clubs of Chicago he has had considerable experience as a dramatist. He has written sketches and playlets for the production of the clubs and in that field has enjoyed popularity. The play had its première in Hartford.

The Stratford-on-Avon Players

ONE result of the war in Europe is the coming visit to America of the Stratford-on-Avon Players. Their advent next fall will be the first surge in a current of enthusiasm sweeping on to the tercentenary celebration in April, 1916, of Shakespeare's death. It will be impossible to keep them here for that, for England, which even now in the midst of wars and rumors of wars, has demanded the regular April season of two weeks, will insist on their presence for the home festival.

This company is undoubtedly the most distinctive classic company in the English-speaking world, and comes closest to those supposed ideal organizations of continental countries in its management and direction. Not because of a partial endowment is this the condition, but because of almost two scores of years of tradition behind it. For a long time Shakespeare's native town was merely a pilgrimage goal—the birthplace, owned by a butcher, was shown to visitors, but nothing to connect the playwright with the living, vital drama existed. In the seventies, one loyal Stratford citizen gave ground for the Memorial Theatre, other Warwickshire residents joined him, and the spring festival of plays was instituted. From a few performances in the week of April 23d, the date of Shakespeare's birth and death, this festival was lengthened to some three weeks of regular performances. Four years ago a summer season was inaugurated to supplement this, and in 1914, in spite of war's alarms and the consequent decrease of visitors, an entirely successful season of four weeks was maintained, with excellent productions of thirteen different Shakespeare plays.



1. Ethel McDowall as Ophelia. 2. Henry Caine as Justice Shallow in "Henry IV." 3. Dorothy Green as Katherine of France in "Henry V." 4. Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. 5. Murray Carrington as Romeo.

The early performances were given by companies who went to the Memorial Theatre by invitation—so Sir Beerbohm Tree and Sir Forbes-Robertson have both appeared in repertoire there. Then came the organization of a regular Stratford Company, on whom depended the two regular seasons of April and August, and from whom the remainder of Great Britain has for a dozen and more years learned all it knows of the great dramas. For these two great actors and others of their class seldom leave London, and do not act the classics all the time. In comparison between American and British acting, the palm for versatility is usually accorded the latter, and the explanation of this generally accepted superiority is their training. English names and reputations mean more across the seas than here, yet from a casual skimming of present London favorites and the past membership of the Stratford Company one would be tempted to declare that the best actors were trained in the Shakespeare school of acting. Just to cite a few, let us look at some whom we all know. Miss Lily Brayton and Oscar Asche are still starring in "Kismet" in London. Gerald Ames acts Oscar Wilde as no other actor ever has. Miss Isadora Duncan has passed outside the stage world, but she used to appear in Stratford. The late Laurence Irving and his wife were familiar faces about the Memorial Theatre. Mattheson Lang is wonderful in the Anglo-Chinese melodrama, "Mr. Wu," finally produced this season by Mr. Walker Whiteside. Miss Madge McIntosh, friend of George Bernard Shaw, has acted Shakespeare, while Stephen Phillips admits quite frankly that he learned to write acting plays by acting good plays.

So many Shakespearean plays are never staged in America that we sometimes smart under comparison with Germany, where subsidized houses allow Herr Max Reinhardt to startle the world with his bizarre "Midsummer Night's Dream." Last May even France was astir with the English tragedies, for Jean Richepin had finally furnished the Comédie Française a worthy translation

of "Macbeth." Americans usually have more opportunities to witness Shakespeare, but we seldom see such novelties as Laurence Irving's Othello and Sir Beerbohm Tree's Henry VII. Audiences are ready for more Shakespeare here. Mr. Faversham toured the land with a single drama, "Julius Cæsar." If a company has ten dramas in its repertory, it is considered remarkable. At Stratford-on-Avon all the plays of Shakespeare except two have been performed—thirty-five different dramas for audiences to compare, judge, to know; and, best of all, to appreciate and love. For perfectly obvious reasons, "All's Well That Ends Well" has not been given, nor has the ranting, bloodthirsty "Titus Andronicus," only in part Shakespeare's own, one hopes. The resources of a company with such a training behind it are almost incalculable; its members know not a few plays, they know Shakespeare. Falstaff of the "Merry Wives" is a real Falstaff, because he has gone through "Henry IV," and Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Mistress Quickly, are not rôles "gotten up" for a single performance: they are continued, living creations. The change from "Julius Cæsar to "Much Ado" develops elasticity and buoyancy, prevents monotony of delivery, sharpens discrimination behind and before the footlights. During one season, in response to requests, all the historical dramas were offered. Marlowe's "Edward II" was inserted at its proper place, and from the times of King John down to the baptism of the little Elizabeth, English history unrolled in a glorious panorama. The battle scenes became rather tiresome to the actors; they were literally worn out by the weight of armor. Even the scene shifters shared the tedium; they had to set and strike so often. At last the property man, as some world-weary monarch sank upon the stage, broke out, "Thank Gawd, Bill, there's another bloomin' King dead."

The repertory to be presented in America has a wide variety, including the usual dramas which attract theatregoers of all classes, and adding to these several decided novelties, which will in the first instance draw the more widely read, although here, too, the dramatic value will hold even an unlettered spectator. Thirteen plays will be offered in all, from which most large cities will witness eight, since only in rare cases will a play be repeated. Requests and general popularity will determine selections, so that changes may be made continually to meet special conditions. Often English University centres request the less-known plays, and perhaps the United States and Canada will follow this course. Of the "regulars" the following will be given: "Henry V," "Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "Macbeth."

I have seen all of these except "Macbeth," and I can conscientiously declare that for general excellence and particular scenes no American production can surpass them. One is tempted to predict that these will soon give place to the less known and seldom seen remainder. "Othello" is a decided novelty outside New York, where Mr. Faversham alternated with "Julius Cæsar." It has been adequately demonstrated that "Richard II" is a good acting character, if not a remarkable reading play. The psychology of the Monarch, who repels you at first, yet finally wins your sympathy by reason of the very tremendousness of his sorrows, is an unusual one on the boards. In "Henry IV," Part 2, there are some almost sublime passages; for instance, the King's soliloquy on his sleeplessness, his reproach to the young Harry who seems to covet his crown. But this play, history though it be, is a rip-roaring comedy, with the last pathetic touch of fat-bellied Falstaff repudiated by his boon companion, now Henry V. Nothing on the stage has more "go" than the Doll Tearsheet scenes, and the drinking bout at Justice Shallow's. Every performer in this latter is a master of facial and bodily comic expression. Closely linked with this is "Merry Wives," a surprise to the ordinary theatregoer who has the well-defined prejudice that Shakespeare spells "Highbrow," a prejudice which the Stratford Company will dissipate immediately and permanently. Nowhere did I realize so completely that all these plays were written for the stage as at Stratford, where great Shakespeareans like Sir Sidney Lee and William Archer laughed in unison with the yokel from the harvest fields, and where the Rhodesian nodded approval of some lofty sentiment to the weary school-teacher from Oklahoma. Very firm conviction that "Love's Labor Lost" can be acted received adequate corroboration several years ago in a university presentation, so I was glad to be assured by Mr. W. H. Savery, the Stratford General Manager, that this delightful artificial comedy will be offered, for there are several scenes in it which rival the tricks in "Much Ado," and several low comedy rôles that forestall Dogberry and Verges. The repertory falls, therefore, into these groups: of the thirteen plays, three are histories, three tragedies, seven comedies. Of these, five are decided novelties; one tragedy, two histories, two comedies.

Not only in its range of plays is this Stratford organization peculiar—in the versatility of its members it is nothing short of unique. It possesses all the excellences of our much lamented stock company, with one additional—it is busied continually with beautiful poetry and care in diction. It will present no single star. Its members are cast for what they can do best, not for what they have the ambition—without the ability—to attempt. All this makes for genuine acting, as contrasted with mere impersonation. Members learn what so few performers can consistently keep in mind, that "the play's the thing," not their own rôles. There are subordination, contrast, high lights; as a result of this, a rotation of work which relieves strain, the freedom from dominant personality, which so often diminishes Shakespeare behind a "lead."

In England Mr. Henry Caine is known as a master of

Sarony FLORENCE WALLACE

Young American prima donna now singing with great success Micaela in "Carmen" and other soprano rôles

GERALDINE FARRAR IN "CARMEN," AND "MME. SANS-GENE" THE OPERATIC ROLES SHE ORIGINATED THIS SEASON

Photos Copyright Aimé Dupont

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After the curtain fell on the last performance at the opera on April 24, Geraldine Farrar responded to tumultuous curtain calls and tried to pantomime her gratitude. The audience still refused to leave, and the singer again appeared before the curtain, this time in a dressing gown, her hair loose over her shoulders, a towel in one hand, a mirror in the other. "Are you coming back next year?' someone shouted. "Yes, I am," responded Miss Farrar, "and for many years to come." Thunderous applause greeted this announcement. The pictures are: No. 1, as Carmen; No. 2, in Act I of "Mme. Sans-Gêne;" No. 3, in Act II of "Mme. Sans-Gêne."

make-up. He is more than this, a master of comedy acting, from the absolute seriousness of Fluellen, through the imbecility of Dogberry to the knavery of Launcelot Gobbo. And he also plays Grumio, Shallow, First Gravedigger.

Quite in the same class with the foregoing is Mr. Frank Cochrane, who has as wide a scope in rôles, and a wider scope in himself, for he is blessed with a beautiful singing voice. It was almost incredible that Balthasar, who sang so meltingly and jovially, could be the same man who had played bitter Casca and the idiotic Charles VI of France. Still greater grew the admiration and wonder when I saw him as Diggory in "She Stoops to Conquer," as Biondello, a suitor in "The Shrew," as Duke of Venice, as red-nosed Bardolph, as Polonius. Mr. Cochrane will play two "leads," Shylock and Malvolio, into both of which he will fit like a glove. Into the second he will put all the grotesque seriousness it demands, into the first the wolfish cupidity its creator undoubtedly intended it to convey. The trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice" with this actor will be a revelation to American audiences, because opposite he will have one of the best Portias our present-day stage knows, Miss Dorothy Green.

White

A bevy of beautiful girls appearing in Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam Theatre

It seems rather peculiar that in England Miss Green's Portia should be spoken of as out of her line, because to us from overseas it was so winning, so womanish, as well as so deep, so generous, so noble. Perhaps England has associated her more closely with the lighter, more care-free charmers she also enacts so well. No one was surprised when Henry V made such violent love to her as the French Princess; she was screamingly funny as Viola trying to avoid a duel in "Twelfth Night"; and as an auburn-haired, orange-gowned Beatrice, everybody wondered that Benedick should have to be set on by his friends. The newcomers had another surprise when Doll Tearsheet showed what her name meant, as Miss Green tore and ranted about the Boar's Head Tavern in "Henry IV."

Sharing the leads with Miss Green is Miss Ethel McDowell, who with her tall stateliness looks every inch a queen. Her voice has as many modulations as lines she delivers, from the saddened lament of Hero to the quick repartee of Nerissa, from the timorous reproaches of Bianca to the terrified cries of Ophelia. Each one of these actresses would justify an entire Shakespeare company, for each can do so many different things.

By way of Priest, Leonato, Old Gobbo, Hamlet's father's Ghost, to Sir John Falstaff, seem a roundabout route, yet if the rôles be more carefully studied they will all be seen to contribute some elements. Age, assumed dignity, self-importance, humor, and a great voice, are all required for these parts, and the rollicking, sack-guzzling, proud old mountain of flesh, Falstaff, had all those attributes, and several more. Mr. William Calvert has an easy time in the "Merry Wives," where he can more or less gallop through on the buoyancy of indomitable verve and amorous recuperation. In "Henry IV" he meets a more difficult gamut to cover. Side-splitting as are his two scenes at Justice Shallow's house, the last scene in which the King banishes him from his sight is a finer piece of acting, for the comic disappears under the eternally human when the broken old Knight admits to Shallow, "I owe you a thousand pounds," but reappears as he exclaims, "I shall be sent for soon at night."

To play the preceding rôles requires consummate ability, to represent others demands in addition certain bodily characteristics. Petruchio certainly must be lithe and agile, as well as good-looking. Romeo should win the audience as well as Juliet, otherwise how shall we accept the love story? Benedick must know how to wear his clothes, or many of the delicious speeches lose their points. In all of these matters Mr. Murray Carrington is favored of the gods. Tall and slender, he "looks" the part he plays. Recently Madame Bernhardt declared that English and American Hamlets appear too broad of shoulder, two squat of form, to make convincing to an audience their melancholy brooding. If that were all needed

(*Continued on page* 314)

VICISSITUDES of a PLAYWRIGHT No. 2

CHARLES KLEIN

"A prime requisite in the embryo dramatist is to keep up one's courage under rebuffs. First plays are almost never fit for the stage in anything approaching the form conceived by the author, and he may study books on dramatic technique until he goes blind, without acquiring the practical knowledge he needs."

Photo Byron

CHARLES KLEIN, AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC MASTER," ETC., AND A SCENE IN HIS FIRST BIG SUCCESS, "THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

FOR more than thirty years Charles Klein has been identified with the American stage. He began as a tyro playwright and, in turn became an actor, a dramatic tinker, thankful for odds and ends of hack work, a playreader, an adapter of foreign successes, a writer of melodramas and of librettos, and eventually a dramatist able to dictate his own terms. His experiences are particularly significant to the rising generation of authors, because he remembers things as they were and is a part of things as they are. His ideas have perspective. In the background of his mind are memories of earlier lords of the drama, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer, T. Henry French, and Frank W. Sanger among them. Charles and Daniel Frohman were just beginning to be a power, and the ministerial figure of David Belasco had still to become a national institution.

Mr. Klein was drawing comparisons when he said: "If the young playwright of to-day thinks that the stage is protected by a spiked fence, I'd like to know what he'd have thought a quarter of a century ago."

"It was more difficult to get a hearing then?" I asked.

The dramatist smiled across a table in the dining-room of the Hotel Astor—the setting for this interview, two days after he had come to New York to let the courts decide why his name did not appear as co-author of "Potash and Perlmutter."

"There was not a theatre on every other block in those days; fewer plays were needed; it seemed to be taken for granted that no writer in America could equal Henry Arthur Jones or Arthur Pinero; college nurseries for the benefit of incipient dramatic talent was not in vogue; if a new man did get a play staged the royalties were pitiable; all managers were conservative, they were afraid to experiment with unknown authors, they were——"

Mr. Klein stopped for a moment to consider just what they were.

"And now," I suggested.

"Well, at least it is obvious that more theatres must be filled, and that the craze for foreign subjects by foreign authors no longer exists. Think, too, of the number of very young men who walk from college into a Broadway production. That sort of thing didn't often happen when I began. I had hopes, but no expectations. I wrote plays of all descriptions and all of them bad; nonetheless, Barney McCauley, not a particularly well-known actor at that time, suggested a melodrama for his own use. The promise of ten dollars an act was quite an inspiration, and in great haste I turned out five acts.

" 'Very good,' he said at the close of the fifth act; 'but when do you intend introducing the plot?' My first commission had ended in a fizzle."

The next few years Mr. Klein spent as an actor of many rôles, trusting that actual stage experience, combined with a knowledge of all the books on dramatic technique to be found in the public libraries, would teach him how to make his plot apparent in less than five acts. In 1890 he was given a part in "The Shatchen," and was asked to rewrite the piece with the understanding that he should share in the profits, a very small share, of course; but it was something to be credited with, having reconstructed a play. Mr. Klein marks this date as the beginning of his precarious career as a dramatic tinker. He adapted "A Mile a Minute" for Minnie Palmer and received no royalties. He became a play-reader for H. S. Taylor and earned enough

to pay for the third floor back in a cheap boarding house; then he stopped reading plays and lived on his "resources."

"You know my son Phil," said Mr. Klein. "He was two years old on the morning that the boarding-house mistress met me in the hallway and asked for money or our room. I convinced her that being turned out into the street would be mighty unpleasant for my wife and child, and on the strength of this appeal she gave me a few days more in which to sell one of my plays, and a very slim chance it was. Walking down Broadway, Charles Matthews stopped me. 'I want a comedy for Al Lipman; have you got anything suitable?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered; 'how soon do you want it?' 'Bring it to my office to-morrow at 11 o'clock,' was his reply.

"I said that I would, and started home without even an idea to work on, for among my manuscripts there was not one at all suited to Lipman. I was seated at a table with a pile of copy paper in front of me before a theme suggested itself. I began writing and did not stop until 5 o'clock the next morning. The scenario was complete. I slept until 10, kept my appointment with Matthews and he bought 'By Proxy' without hesitation, offering me a contract for fifty a week royalties. But there was no mention of an advance, and I told him how badly I needed the money right away. After a full hour of arguing, I walked out of his office with a check for fifty dollars in my pocket, and never again can the receipt of a sum of money, large or small, give me such a thrill, although two-thirds of the check went to the landlady."

"By Proxy" began a successful run at the Boston Museum in 1892, and went a long way toward establishing Mr. Klein as a playwright. His trials, however, were by no means ended.

For several years after this he alternated between "the third floor back and the second floor front," as he expressed it; his removals depending upon a fluctuating income derived from doctoring feeble plays and turning his hand to almost any form of hack work. But, at least, he had won an entrance to the offices of managers. They would listen to him and give one reason or another for declining to produce "The District Attorney," regarded by the author as his first real drama.

Copyright Moffett
HELENE SINNOTT
Recently a member of Margaret Anglin's company

"I spent over two years in trying to overcome a prejudice against this play," said Mr. Klein, "and in the course of that time it was refused by every manager in New York. They were afraid of it. 'The District Attorney' was the first play based on municipal corruption; it attacked Tammany, went after the city grafters, and the prudent producers thought it safer to stick to their old standbys, Pinero and Jones. That was the period in which famous names and harmless ideas counted for more than originality aimed at the established order. At one time I thought Charles Frohman was going to risk a production. He was to give me a decision before sailing for Europe, but nothing came of this, and A. M. Palmer was my last hope.

"After keeping my manuscript for many months, Palmer decided to produce it, providing certain alterations were made. I went to Harrison Grey Fiske for advice; we revised the manuscript together and 'The District Attorney' was staged, but we soon learned that Palmer was using it merely as a stop-gap until he found another play for his theatre. We cancelled the contract and the actual production, with Mrs. Fiske as stage manager, was made at the American Theatre in 1895. Whereas a short while I had considered myself lucky in getting from one to five per cent. royalties, I was now in a position to ask for better terms; but even at that my income was disappointing."

Passing over the very busy and generally successful period in which Mr. Klein was playreader and made a number of adaptations for Charles Frohman, wrote the librettos for "El Capitan" and other comic operas, also "The Auctioneer," in collaboration with Lee Arthur, and "The Music Master," both, as everyone knows, for David Warfield, we come to an odd bit of stage history. Though an Englishman by birth, from the time he came to this country as a young man, Mr. Klein had been keenly interested in American public affairs and recognized in them good dramatic material, as yet untouched. The success of "The District Attorney," based on municipal corruption, inspired him to write a play on the still more complex workings of national politics. Playwrights were following one or another of the English or Continental models; they were looking to various epochs of American history and different sections of the country for inspiration and disregarding the tremendous human struggle being waged in Washington in their own time.

"Daniel Frohman agreed with me in believing that a drama such as I had in mind was worth writing," Mr. Klein continued, "and it was understood that he would produce 'The Lion and The Mouse.' When he read the manuscript he changed his mind. It didn't impress him as being likely to work out well on the stage. There was no question of making alterations, for, as he viewed it them, the defects were fundamental and the play stood so small a chance of succeeding that he did not care to risk a production. And, mind you, I have no wish to criticize the judgment of Mr. Frohman. We all make mistakes of the kind.

"At all events, Henry B. Harris regarded 'The Lion and The Mouse' more hopefully. He said he would give it a trial after a few changes had been made, merely technical ones, not at all affecting the spirit of the drama. The play that looked like a failure to Mr. Frohman netted nearly a million dollars for Mr. Harris, and meant far more to me than even 'The Music Master,' for it was presented by four companies instead of one."

Financially, the vicissitudes of Mr. Klein were ended. In the year following the production of "The Lion and The Mouse" he received no less than sixty offers for plays, with advance royalties aggregating one hundred thousand dollars. Al Woods was among the bidders with an offer of $5,000 in advance for a play to be produced as soon as completed. Three years passed, however, before Mr. Klein's name was attached to another striking success, for "The Daughters of Men" did not achieve popularity, despite artistic merit, whereas "The Stepsister," even the author admits, was the most dismal failure of the season of 1907.

Having written plays on municipal corruption and national corruption, Mr. Klein established yet another dramatic precedent by using police corruption as the theme of a drama, and strangely enough, considering the reputation he had gained, he once more met difficulty in finding a producer. For "The Third Degree," Klaw & Erlanger had paid him

(*Continued on page 315*)

Thousands of moving picture enthusiasts are eager to write for the film, but don't know just how to go about it. This article tells you how to prepare your play, warns you of the pitfalls to be avoided and contains what you seldom have an opportunity of seeing—a complete and technically correct scenario.

Writing a Moving Picture Scenario

Scene 49—At the Lake—Hortense discovers the perfidy of Douglas. She believed him to be his twin brother, Donald, but as a result of his falling in the lake Hortense sees the dye disappear from his hair. Instead of her own dark-brown-haired Donald it was his twin brother and her bitterest enemy, red-haired Douglas.

THE author of the so-called thrilling photoplay which contained this scene complained bitterly to me because it had been rejected.

"All they do is to steal your ideas and then send back your play, and in that way they get them for nothing," he declared.

I read the whole of his script for him and thoroughly enjoyed it, because there were many scenes similar to the one quoted.

What's the matter with it?

Read it again and note that the villain's hair changes from dark brown to red. That's all the matter there is with this particular scene, but that is matter enough, since dark brown and red hair will photograph exactly the same. Inasmuch as the whole plot was built on this one thing, and since this change could not possibly be made to show on the screen, what was left of the plot?

The same author used up two perfectly good manuscript pages in describing Hortense. He told of her ruby lips and her pink cheeks and golden yellow hair, and he especially dilated upon her laugh which he said, with great originality, was like "liquid music."

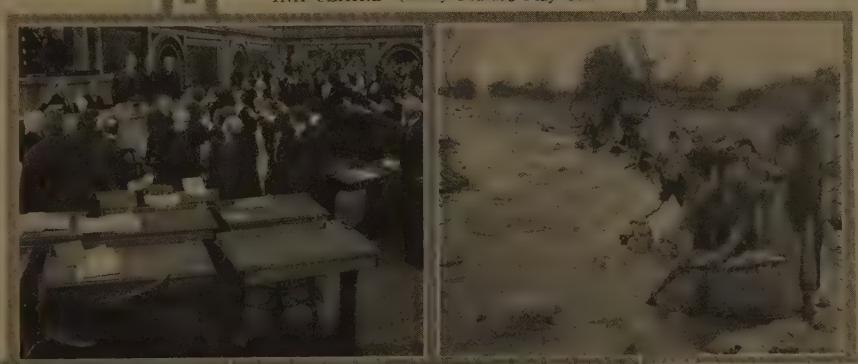
Now the ruby red lips of Hortense would photograph jet black on a moving picture screen, her pink cheeks would look gray and her golden light yellow hair would make her look like an albino. As to her laughter, which was like "liquid music," who ever saw a photograph of liquid music?

My acquaintance is still sending that scenario around and around to the different producers, and he is still watching all the screens, fully confident that he will see his idea, stolen and slightly disguised, used under a different title. He never will, nor will he ever, sell his scenario except as so much waste paper.

For many years humorists and others used to tell us in jokes, paragraphs and verses that every one, from janitors to financiers, were writing plays. According to all the scenario editors I have talked with, nine hundred and ninety-nine per cent. of these people are now putting in two-thirds of their time writing photoplays.

Not one out of five hundred of the motion picture plays submitted to-day could, by any known methods or devices, be produced. There are many reasons why they fail.

INA CLAIRE (Lasky Feature Play Co.)



Scene in the Lasky-Belasco production of "The Woman"

Blanche Sweet in the Lasky production of "The Captive"

RUTH STONEHOUSE
(Essanay)

EDNA MAYO
(Essanay)

Floyd
VIOLET MERSEREAU
(Universal)

THREE PRETTY GIRLS NOW APPEARING IN LEADING ROLES IN POPULAR FILM PLAYS

Photo Ira L. Hill's Studio

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

Who has scored a hit as Lucy Gallon, the picturesque, petulant, and pouting adventuress with Lou-Tellegen in "Taking Chances" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

chief among them being, as in the case of my acquaintance quoted above, that they cannot be photographed.

The great trouble with the average amateur is that he fails to visualize, that is, as he plots and writes his photoplays he cannot, or at least he does not, keep constantly before him a mental picture of just how every scene and every movement will look on the screen. Suppose you were writing a sweet little pastoral drama for a picture play and you depicted it something as follows:

"All is calm in this scene. The pink glow of the western sun flames in each window pane. In the distance is heard the melodious tinkle of cowbells, while from inside the house comes the sweet strains of *Annie Laurie*, as Lillian is happy at work arranging the tea things."

Of course that's a very pretty picture and as you wrote it you visualized it in life. That is, you could see the red glow of the setting sun, you could see the brilliant reflection in the window panes of the farmhouse, and you could hear in your imagination the sweet voice of the girl lifted in song and the slight patter of her footsteps and rattle of the dishes as she set the table.

But that is not the way to visualize for a photoplay! That would do very well for a story. It could even be produced with splendid effect upon the stage, but on a moving picture screen —never!

Until such time as man's inventive genius has found a way to photograph pink and red sunsets and the tinkle of cowbells and the sound of a sweet voice inside of a house, writers of photoplays who waste their time describing such scenes are certain to fail. The very best you could do with a scene like that would be as follows:

"Scene — Exterior Farmhouse — Lillian emerges from house, leans against pillar of porch and looks off toward the light, dreamily. Farmer's boy drives cows slowly along the road. Tinted film to give effect of twilight."

White
LAURENCE GROSSMITH AND ADELE ROWLAND IN "NOBODY HOME" AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

In this manner your scenario editor wastes no time or emotion reading about cowbells and sweet music and red sunsets which cannot be photographed. With the few words you have written he knows that you want a bit of quiet country scene. Of course, if your plot is extremely good it may be accepted despite the fact that pages and pages of paper have been wasted in describing things which cannot be photographed, but when it is accepted under such conditions you get paid only for the idea. You may get $5 a reel for such an idea whereas if your scenario were technically correct and would not have to be entirely reconstructed in the editorial office you would get from twenty to twenty-five dollars a reel.

Where it has been said once that dramatic ideas are stolen from submitted manuscripts of plays in dramatic producers' offices, it has been said a thousand times that photoplays or photoplay ideas have been stolen.

This is not true. There may be a few exceptions to this. There are many coincidences, but it is rare indeed that a motion picture plot submitted to any of the standard producers is stolen. I have had some of mine returned with a kind little note to the effect that on such and such a date a scenario was released embodying practically the same plot. This has always proved true. The date of release is a record that stands and can easily be verified, and I have found that I have sent out photoplay scenarios, the plot of which had been duplicated by someone months before I had started to write my own or even thought of the plot. Now give the scenario editor credit. He does not say: "You probably got your idea from seeing our photoplay which was released such and such a date." He treats it as a coincidence, and it generally is. On the other hand the average amateur writer of movie scenarios will stand up on his hind legs, as it were, and howl, "Thief!" just because he happens to see thrown on the screen some plot which, in a way, resembles one of his own that had been rejected by this same company.

There isn't very much in life, after all, to put into a movie plot. Love, hate, revenge, atonement and justice, that's about all. The rest is all action. Just because you happen to write of two men who love the same girl and tell how one nearly won her through deceit, do not think for a single instant that you have anything original. That much of a plot belongs to everyone and has been done in song and story and verse, drama and opera and tableaux, as well as in motion picture plays, ever since such mediums of expression were in existence.

The movie scenario writer is always asking: "What do the producers want? If I only knew what they wanted I would give it to them."

Film producers do not want any particular thing, but they want everything that is good. They know that there are very few plots in the world, and that love and hate and greed and self-sacrifice and revenge and atonement just about covers the list. The producers are looking for a novel setting for these emotions. They are looking for something full of good action that will reproduce so effectively on the screen that the spectators will be thrilled or made to laugh from the beginning to the end.

It is so much easier to tell what the producers do not want.

They do not want gruesome murders.

They do not want scenes of law-breaking and evil doing where the perpetrators get away scot free, as this is not much of a moral lesson for the youngsters.

They do not want pictures of any sort which include adventuresses of the women-of-the-street sort.

They do not want bloodshed.

They do not want anything, in fact, that the best of people would not freely discuss in the home.

Only a few producers care for scenarios which necessitate costumes. The amateur, at least, should stick to the plain drama with the heart appeal or the comedy full of good, clean laughter.

Next to describing things which

(*Continued on page* 313)

DISCOURAGEMENTS

Elliott & Fry

"Don't be a fool!" said Richard Mansfield's mother when he announced his determination to be an actor.

No profession or business in the world offers so many uncertainties as that of the actor.

Strauss Peyton

"Eddie is such a good boy, but he will never become an actor," said the elder Sothern.

FIVE men were talking: a well-known doctor, a clever lawyer, a prominent railroad man, a busy politician, and a seasoned theatrical man.

The question under discussion was: "What is the most discouraging profession in the world?" Each man was certain that he was the representative of the one that held that distinction, and each advanced arguments in proof which at the time he considered conclusive. One may easily imagine the ancient story of the young doctor whom nobody would consult and the old doctor who had fallen behind in the procession. About the same thing was true of the young lawyer who hung out his shingle and waited for clients who were slow in coming, because they were waiting for him to "ripen with age." The railroad man brought plenty of proofs that "plums" fall not to the faithful or ambitious, but to the man whose uncle "knows the general manager." Politics is a disappointing and uncertain pathway, at least so said the politician.

It is a difficult thing to become a star; a more difficult thing to remain a star.

But after all the examples, theories and experiences had been cast into the ballot-box the theatrical man easily found himself the winner of what had become a five-sided debate. There is no profession or business in the world which offers so many uncertainties, and which so thoroughly demonstrate the ability of those who succeed, to do so, despite the inevitable discouragements that line the pathway, as that which leads to theatreland, which of all of them seems to be most brilliantly lighted, easy of achievement and prolific of rewards to all who mount the pinnacle and enjoy the outlook from its majestic heights.

Greater credit than has been popularly believed, then, belongs to those celebrated personages who figure in the theatrical roster of fame. Whatever may be the appearances, they have not arrived where they are without a struggle, and however it may seem to one who beholds them from a distance, they must continue the struggle, which of all in the professional battlefields of the earth seems most constant and unrelenting.

"Don't be a fool," said his mother, Emma Rudersdorf, to the young Richard Mansfield, when he announced to her his determination to become an actor. The world knows, perhaps, of his starvation days that followed, how he became so hungry for an extended period in London that he made it a point to stand over the sidewalk gratings of certain restaurants at certain times of day so that he might inhale the odor of food cooking. But the world prefers to think of Richard the Great traveling in his private car attached to a private train that hauled his company and productions across the country each season.

And this "don't be a fool" of Mansfield's mother, in other phraseology, but conveying the same meaning, is the "bless you, my son," which a large percentage of the leading theatrical men and women have received from parents, after first announcing a choice of the theatrical profession for a career. "Eddie is such a good boy, but he will never be an actor," were the words of encouragement which E. H. Sothern received from his famous father who had viewed one of his early performances. When Melba first felt the call to the stage as a singer, she organized a concert in Melbourne for the purpose of finding out what an audience really thought of her voice. Her father studiously sought out all prospective purchasers of tickets and prevailed upon them not to attend the concert, frankly declaring that he desired her to become so discouraged by her first public appearance that she would give up her notions of a career.

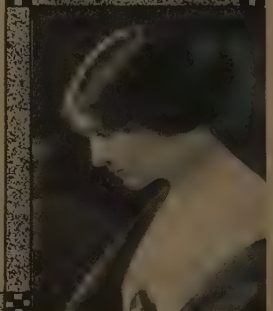
It is said that Maurice Barrymore laughed outright when his daughter Ethel suggested to him that she would like to become an actress. Florence Reed mentioned a similar intention to her father, the late Roland Reed, and he told her never to mention the subject to him again, advice which she followed, and even to-day when she enters a theatre where his picture hangs in the lobby she declares that she seems to feel his reproach for going against his wishes after his death. Lenore Ulrich, known to the country principally as Luana in "The Bird of Paradise," says that her parents forbade her to mention the theatre in conversation, until one day she said (and she thinks she meant it): "If I can't go on the stage, I don't care to live any more," whereupon her parents relented and permitted her to join a stock company, but heartily wished for her failure.

Wilton Lackaye was to be a priest and his parents were happy, but he suddenly determined to be an actor, and met with so much opposition at home that he compromised by announcing that he would become a lawyer. But he took part in an amateur performance where Lawrence Barrett saw him and offered him a position in his company. Margaret Anglin defied her parents when she went to New York to study for

Maurice Barrymore laughed when his daughter Ethel said she would like to become an actress.

Sarony

The late Roland Reed told his daughter Florence never to mention the subject of being an actress again.



Matzene

Their Favorite Portraits.

MLLE. DAZIE

Mlle. Dazie, the popular dancer, is now appearing in the new Winter Garden production, "Maid in America." Blanche Bates is playing Countess Zicka in the revival of "Diplomacy" now on tour.

Photo Hartsook BLANCHE BATES

Photo Baron de Meyer FLORENCE WALTON

MARGUERITE LESLIE

Marguerite Leslie, who, as is well known, is the sister of Martha Hedman, has been appearing in "Outcast." Florence Walton, prominent as an interpreter of modern dances, is shortly to appear in a new musical comedy entitled "Hands Up."

the stage. Trixie Friganza ran away from home to begin her theatrical career, and her father caused the police of a distant city to clap her into jail until he could come to fetch her home.

These are only a few examples of the parental discouragements met with by the ambitious, even before they had left the family roof to meet with the criticism and disappointments that were certain to be hovering near as soon as they stepped upon a theatre stage. Madam Schumann-Heink not only met with parental defiance when she announced that she would become an opera singer, but the manager who heard her voice advised her to go home and undertake something else, because she had no voice. When Johanna Gadski first began to sing, the neighbors lodged a complaint with the police because she made so much "noise." Walker Whiteside had the misfortune to be what is known as a prodigy, and his well-wishers arranged a Broadway appearance for him when he was a legal infant. But the hard days were to follow, for Mr. Whiteside literally barnstormed the country as few actors have done playing in empty storerooms and rinks, before he could induce a manager to take him seriously. Eugene Walter was laughed at or ignored when he entered a manager's office with the manuscript of a play called "Paid in Full" under his arm, although it made a fortune for its manager afterwards. Bayard Veiller met with an even more humiliating experience, for while he had a difficult time to find a manager who would produce "Within the Law," it was considered a failure after its production and its owners sold for a pittance, a property that was to make a million dollars.

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ROSALINE, DOROTHY AND CYNTHIA FULLER
Now appearing in folk song recitals

The beginner usually expects and finds plenty of difficulties, and if he be made of the right kind of stuff he welcomes a certain amount of struggle and hard knocks. No beginner's road, however, is likely to be more beset with troubles than the actor's. But after the first struggles, one usually looks forward to that period of reward which is supposed to follow. Even to the actor of experience, however, there is the constant liability of being out of a job.

As soon as the successful actor finds a play that is liked by the public he must begin looking for another to follow it. There is the great struggle to get the opportunity, and then after one has that, meets it and scores a success, he must be on the lookout for the next season. Spring comes, theatre doors are closed, and, unlike the other professions, even the one who considers himself worthy, on account of the acceptance of his accomplishments, is obliged to admit that he is "at liberty."

There are likely to be weeks and weeks of rehearsal, perhaps without pay; and if the play be not a success, there are only a few nights' work, and then begins again the eternal and discouraging hunt for something else to do.

The theatrical profession is one that is always subject to the whims of a fickle public, the most fickle thing in the world. Fashions in theatricals always are changing. One year the public wants to shed tears and the next it wants to laugh. One season it imagines that it would like to wrestle with what it considers a "problem," and the next, the thought of being obliged to think keeps it away from the theatre box-office.

Also, the public is thoroughly converted to the "type" idea, for which the managers are usually blamed, and this naturally works a great hardship upon actors who are talented, experienced and versatile, but have no opportunity to prove it. The American public would not accept Mrs. Leslie Carter, Olga Nethersole, Virginia Harned, or Margaret Anglin, in such a character as the central figure of "Peg o' My Heart." What, then, is the emotional one to do when, after a season or two as Zaza, Dubarry, Sappho or Tanqueray, she finds that the public does not demand an emotional part, but is turning its attention to the simple little things fashioned from the Cinderella framework, and desires cute little actresses to play them? It seems much like spending one's early life in the apprenticeship to a trade, only to find out in middle life that there is no demand for the practice of such a trade.

Just now, although the public is scarcely aware of it, we are passing through a reign of realism. While the plays that prompt it doubtless stem from the Ibsen influence, although they are almost wholly lacking in that cold, unrelenting realism which came to us from the north of Europe, the young artist of to-day is devoting much thought and attention to being natural, or to doing what she thinks will give the appearance of being natural. Tears are shed in the audience to-day, just as tears have been shed since there were audiences to witness plays, and just as they will always be prompted by future plays and future acting; but it is Doris Keane, Frances Starr and Florence Reed and others of the younger clan who arouse them, rather than those stormier ladies who borrowed artificialities from Sarah Bernhardt.

Thus the disheartening thought, what if one should learn how to act and achieve succes in a few parts, only to find that one's methods are a little out of date, and that the mechanical apparatus creaks, whereas a younger generation has suddenly sprung up to take the honors, because there is a newer method, one that is more generously approved by the public?

Clara Morris once

Copyright Moffett
ADRIENNE DILLON
Appearing in "The Belle of Bond Street"

Copyright Moffett
DAISY ADAMY
In "The Misleading Lady" on tour

said that it was a rather difficult thing to become a star, perhaps a more difficult thing in her day than at the present time; but she added that it was a more difficult thing to remain a star, and that is just as true to-day as it was yesterday. Apropos to this declaration, one but glances over the American field and asks what has become of those very popular stars of yesteryear, Francis Wilson, Bertha Galland, Lulu Glaser and Fritzi Scheff, not to mention that almost countless host who have reached an age where the present demand for beautiful types does not call for their services? And what about the young actresses who have won their spurs in one or more successful vehicles and then suddenly find themselves on the shelf among the waiting list? "Impossible to find a play," say their managers, and the actresses usually echo the same sentiment, yet when Winthrop Ames recently offered a prize for an acceptable drama, over a thousand manuscripts reached his desk within a few weeks, and when William A. Brady was ordered by his physician to remain inside the house for a few days on account of an illness, which permitted him to read, about forty plays were sent from his office for his perusal while he was incapacitated; and these were only one bundle taken at random from the accumulation of his office —and doubtless the same thing would be true of most of the well-known managers in New York or Chicago. There are plays enough, the trouble is that public taste is constantly changing and the play that might have been very good two years ago, is no longer worth production, or the time may not yet have arrived for another that may be worth considering next year.

It is the most hazardous game in the world, even including those games of chance which are prohibited by law. It is the exceptional case, like "Peg o' My Heart," which constantly spurs managers to risk thousands of dollars on what seems to be hopeless material. Nobody, excepting the author and the lady who became his wife, seem to have had much faith in Peg originally. In fact, the interesting development of this character, under the inspiration of Miss Laurette Taylor, seems often to be quite overlooked. The part was expanded quite out of proportion to the original idea as it seemed to fit her personality and acting methods, and lo! it made a cool million of dollars and is far from the end at the present time.

Managers are always hoping for a "Peg o' My Heart." They come from most unexpected places at unexpected times. Augustus Thomas, Charles Klein or Henry Arthur Jones may write plays that run a few nights and find their way to the storehouse, while a drama like "On Trial" drops out of a clear sky and beckons a stream of gold to the box-office.

Copyright Charles Frohman

Robert Haines, Bertram Marburgh, Gail Kane, William Buress, David Powell
Act III. The Rittmeister denounces Lili as an English spy
SCENES IN JUSTUS MILES FORMAN'S PLAY, "THE HYPHEN," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

Once in a while the manager makes a prophecy that comes to pass, although the percentage of failures is so large, compared to the successes, that one feels almost inclined to believe that selection of a good play was inspired by about the same intelligence that is required in the placing of a coin on a winning number at Monte Carlo. It is all a game of chance, and even after the producing manager has selected a good play, either by reason of his superior wisdom, or because chance directed it to his hands, his chances for disappointment have only begun. He may make mistakes in casting, for even a good play with good actors improperly cast, may result in dire failure, an example being Frederick Arnold Kummer's "The Brute," which had a run of about four consecutive nights in New York. Even scenery and what is known as "local color" may cause an indifferent play to become a phenomenal success as "The Garden of Allah." A badly written play may become a popular success by the aid of acting, as David Warfield in "The Music Master." But a Belasco production and David Warfield's acting cannot save a play like "The Grand Army Man." One musical number may save a play otherwise apparently doomed to failure, as "Florodora" or "Madam Sherry." One big mechanical climax like the Chariot Race may make millions of dollars for the owners of a "Ben Hur."

ARCHIE BELL.

A FEMALE DAVID WARFIELD

WHEN William A. Brady, intensely solicitous for the fate of his new production, "Sinners," cast about for a pillar wherewith to prop the still dubious drama, he gave to one of his office staff the order:

"Find Emma Dunn."

Miss Dunn, reclining in the arms of the god of sleep, in her uptown home, waxed peevish at the sound of the telephone.

"Yes, this is Miss Dunn. Goodness gracious. What time is it? M-m. Yes, I retire early when I'm not playing. I have country habits you know. What kind of a part is it? How old is she? Well how old is her daughter? No, thank you. Tell him I won't play another mother part."

The actress had sought the comfort of her pillow when again the midnight disturber sounded its metallic summons.

"You, Mr. Brady? Yes, I'll read the play, but I warn you I won't play another mother. I hate mother parts. Do you managers think I'm eighty?"

The third summons came in the form of a panting messenger boy with a play.

"Dear me. Am I never to have any sleep?" pouted the pretty pink-faced young woman. Wrapped in a becoming pink négligée she made a circle of the pillows, sat in their centre and read the play.

"I don't want the part." Her message went back with the play next morning. "But I'll take half salary and play the other." She mentioned a part the antithesis of the saintly little invalid mother.

"You may have the other part if you want it, but come down and see me," Mr. Brady telephoned on receipt of the play and the ultimatum.

Miss Dunn went to the office firm in her resolve never again to play "one of those sick old things." She left with a distinct memory of having attached her name to a contract to add to her list of mother rôles.

"I don't know why I promised to play this part." She looked her rage at the blue-covered manuscript in her hand. "But I believe I'm the victim of your Irish magnetism. Mr. William A. Brady, you have hypnotized me."

But the pillar of such reedlike physical semblance remained to support the structure of the play. "Sinners" became one of the enormous successes of a strangely uncertain season.

But although Miss Dunn achieved one of the artistic successes of the year she chafes beneath the weight of her mother cares as she did on the day when she reluctantly accepted the rôle. The actress, who is young, and pretty, and femininely appealing, feels that she is mother ridden. She is expiating the penalty of her own success. As James O'Neill vainly strove for many years to escape from his own triumph, the Count of Monte Cristo, Emma Dunn has been striving since she played with surpassing tenderness, Ase, the aged mother, to Richard Mansfield's Peer Gynt, to live down her own career as a stage matron. Mrs. Warren, her exquisite characterization of the old-fashioned Southern mother, followed upon Ase in "Peer Gynt."

Byron

EMMA DUNN

Belasco says the same quality inheres in this actress that distinguishes his own famous star, the same tremulous suspense between the smile and the tear, the same power to wring the eyes and hearts of audiences dry.

Mrs. Slade, the childless mother, who mothered everyone else, her husband included, in "The Governor's Lady," followed that. Jules Eckert Goodman wrote "Mother," and upon the announcement of the title stage folk and theatre-goers alike had one thought, "Emma Dunn." Swept by the current of everyone's thought, she accepted the part, albeit with a sigh. While she stifled her own sighs the tears of her audiences flowed in a nightly stream. In desperation she tore herself loose from the apron strings of many mothers and played Annie, a thieving, indolent negress in "The Easiest Way."

"It is such a small part," complained her admirers.

"Annie is a low, no account nigger," responded Miss Dunn blithely, 'but there's one thing of which no one ever accused her. She is not a mother."

Once more she proclaims her determination never again to play a maternal rôle, at least not for twenty years she vows. A cruel pessimist sent her spirits to ocean depths by remarking: "But 'Sinners' seems to be another 'Way Down East' and may live more than twenty years.'

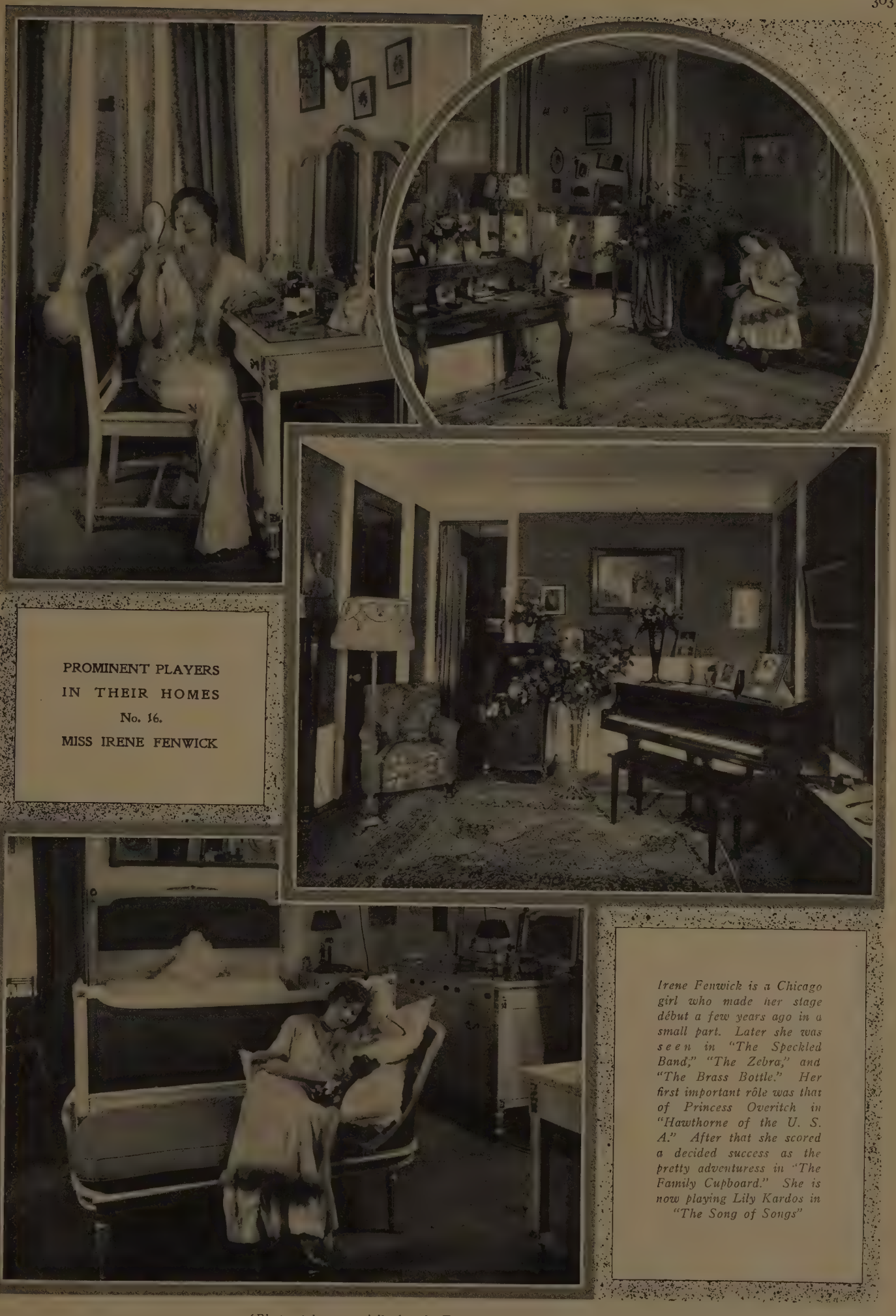
At which Miss Dunn pouts and vows by Thespis that she wont, and dire will be the fate, and untimely, of the manager who proffers such a part.

Yet the years of her stage motherhood have been by no means fruitless. They won for her, from a foremost editorial writer, the high encomium: "She is a female David Warfield."

David Belasco has himself said that that quality inheres in her that distinguishes his famous star, that same tremulous suspense between the smile and tear, the same power to wring the eyes and heart of their audiences dry of tears.

"Let's forget mothers, since mothers are, in this instance, an unpleasant topic, and talk of acting," I said to my table partner in a Fifth Avenue tea room.

"Let's," replied the large-eyed, pink-cheeked woman, with the youthful smile. "Every part is an education. That is the reason I claim to have a good theatrical education. I claim it by the right of having played more than five hundred parts. I am a graduate of the hard but indispensable school of stock. I think them over sometimes as a devotee does his beads. They comprise the rosary of my education. There were June in 'Blue Jeans,' Lavender in 'Sweet Lavender,' the part Annie Russell created in 'The Girl and the Judge,' Midge in 'The Dancing Girl,' Tags in 'A County Fair,' Little Nell and the Marchioness in 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' the blind girl in 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' Jane in 'Jane,' Marjorie Knox in 'Men and Women,' Bess in 'The Charity Ball,' the little girl in 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' Tilly, the German girl, in 'My Friend from India,' the French girl in 'The Social Highwayman,' Betsy in 'Betsy,' Midge in 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' the slavy in 'A Night Off,' the little girl in 'A Milk White Flag. Maude Adams's part in 'A Temperance Town,' the leading woman's part in 'The Wrong Mr. Wright,' Cary in 'Alabama,'



PROMINENT PLAYERS
IN THEIR HOMES
No. 16.
MISS IRENE FENWICK

Irene Fenwick is a Chicago girl who made her stage début a few years ago in a small part. Later she was seen in "The Speckled Band," "The Zebra," and "The Brass Bottle." Her first important rôle was that of Princess Overitch in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." After that she scored a decided success as the pretty adventuress in "The Family Cupboard." She is now playing Lily Kardos in "The Song of Songs"

(Photos taken especially for the THEATRE MAGAZINE *by Byron)*

Sarony

CARROLL McCOMAS
Appearing in "Inside the Lines" at the Longacre Theatre

Lizbeth in 'In Missouri,' the slavey in 'A Fool and His Money,' Louise in 'The Two Orphans,' a girl of fourteen in 'The Genius,' Susan in 'Held by the Enemy,' Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Fuscha Leach in 'Moths,' the country girl in 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' Hope Latham in 'The Soldier of Fortune'—I played this opposite Charles Richman the season before I played my first old lady—the little girl in 'The Wife,' the Swedish girl in 'What Happened to Jones,' the Prince of Wales in 'Richard III'—I played the eleven-year-old prince and the fourteen-year-old girl in 'The Genius' the season before I played Richard Mansfield's mother in 'Peer Gynt'—the laughing girl in 'Incog,' Fanchon in 'Fanchon and the Cricket,' Pepita in 'The Redemption of David Corson,' the leading part in 'The New Boy,' and the lead in 'The Professor's Love Story.'

"Isn't that an education? I needed it. Every actress does. Thank Thespis for stock. In stock in the West I learned to play acceptably to the East. Minneapolis and Kansas City taught me to do my part toward long runs in New York."

"When did you learn that you had the power to make people cry?"

"When I was six years old. I was a little English girl living at Birkenhead, across the river from Liverpool. I had been taken to see the play, 'The Two Orphans.' I climbed on a table and played the scene in which Louise, the blind girl, stands before the church door in the snowstorm. My brothers and sisters and our little neighbors who were the audience wept. But I've made audiences laugh as much as I have made them cry. That is what New York doesn't know and managers don't seem to care about. But they ought, for comedy is rare, and I really can play comedy."

"Do you think a woman who has experienced little emotion can play emotional parts with power?"

"No, a thousand times no. I am convinced that an actress can affect her audience only to the extent that she herself is capable of being affected in the same way. Her power with an audience is a measure of her own capacity for suffering. A woman cannot make her audience weep who has not herself wept. She must have been crucified upon the world's cross of suffering, if her sorrows have come only from her own interrupted ambitions. There are many kinds of crosses, and every woman of sensitiveness and emotional depth has been crucified in some form."

"Yet, curiously, Bernhardt told me that she had had a happy life. She said she had known sorrow only through her sympathy with the sorrows of others. She said, I recall, that her sister had been a very unhappy woman, and that she had suffered in sympathy with her."

"That merely bears out my theory, which is a bold one, that Bernhardt is only a great technician. Her art is superb. It is perfect. But she has never made me feel. Duse plays upon my feelings as a master upon a violin string. Nazimova by her art, plus nature, has wrung my soul with suffering.

"Acting means to me, getting behind myself as it were, projecting myself to the audience until we meet and mingle. Acting is a kind of mental and spiritual marriage with your audience, one that is dissolved when the curtain goes down and the house empties; but, nevertheless, a very real marriage during the performance of the play. Other than being conscious, as it were, of this marriage, I don't know how I secure my effects."

"Mr. Warfield has told me that he relies greatly upon the smile. He says the smile can be sadder than tears."

"I agree with him. Whenever I feel the saddest I smile. I fancy it is Nature's mechanical effort to be brave in face of defeat, and that effort is infinitely sad. I can imagine a dying soldier smiling in that way.

"I have learned more about acting from my little daughter and her adopted sister than from any actress in the world. Children are the greatest actors and actresses. These two little ones impersonate and interpret myself and my neighbors so perfectly that we stare at them as we would at apparitions of ourselves. They never caricature us. They play us. They are us. It is like watching a ghostly procession of our own moods. We learn by seeing ourselves in moving pictures, but we acquire a liberal education in watching children imitate us." A. P.

The Only Woman Librettist in America.

ANNE CALDWELL'S BEAUTIFUL HOME AT ROCKVILLE CENTRE, LONG ISLAND, BUILT WITH HER ROYALTIES

White

ANNE CALDWELL

author of "Chin-Chin," "The Nest Egg," "The Lady in Red," etc.

ACCLAIMED, lauded, but not spoiled by her title of "The Only Woman Librettist in America," bestowed by enthusiastic reviewers of her work, Anne Caldwell tries to prove that there are others—and fails.

Women there are who "try their hand" at librettos but the hand has needed masculine guidance, and even with that aid the attempts have been, for the most part, unsuccessful. There may be a brighter day for the woman who would be a librettist, but at present Anne Caldwell, whose name in private life is Mrs. O'Dea, may be regarded as the sole representative of her sex in that form of stage writing.

On the credit side of her ledger of attainment this season stands "Chin-Chin," the vehicle of Montgomery and Stone, one of a dubious season's undisputed successes, and now completing a year's run at the Globe.

Last year her piece, "The Lady of the Slipper," held the boards for a year, and is now continuing its vigorous life on the road. The same season Blanche Ring appeared in her musical piece, "When Claudia Smiles." Send memory travelling back a few years and "The Top o' the World," an amusing conceit of life on the crest of the earth, bears her name. Once she left the musical form briefly to write the comedy, "The Nest Egg," as a vehicle for Zelda Sears. It proved her mastery of eccentric comedy. The play was sincerely praised. But Miss Caldwell slipped back into her former form.

"I can give no better reason than that I like the sound of laughter mingled with music," is her explanation for this backsliding after she had been welcomed as a new writer of comedy.

"Is not musical comedy more difficult?" I inquired.

"It is more difficult for some," she assented. "The need of a story set amidst surroundings that will lend themselves to picturesque costume and brilliant settings is a primal one, in opera or musical comedy. Occasion

White

SCENE IN "CHIN-CHIN" AT THE GLOBE

for songs and good ones must be provided. There must be plenty of material to furnish laughter. Excuse must be given for dances. And there are innumerable details that loom gigantic in the preparation of a musical comedy story. If writing a comedy for the legitimate stage is simply clothing one star with opportunity, writing a musical comedy is providing an entire wardrobe of it for principals and chorus. I grant all that and yet I like better to write musical comedies. There is more work, but I have worked all my life, and have grown to like that kind of activity."

"Worked all your life?"

"Yes, in kinds of work related to musical comedy. I was a comedienne. I always liked music. It was my avocation as well as my vocation. I married James O'Dea, the song writer.'

The librettist paused. The breaking voice, the pause, the black gown and long veil were eloquent. I did not need to ask what James O'Dea, who died while she was writing the libretto of "Chin-Chin," had done. He was a writer of the highest class popular song. *Baby Ballad* and *Daddy Long-legs* won him distinction. The beautiful *The Way of the Cross,* a sacred song, won him an eminent position among song writers. It was one of the sad ironies with which life teems that he had always admired Montgomery and Stone more than any comedians, and that his ambition was to write for them.

"I long to write songs for those boys," he told his wife.

When she came home with a contract for "Chin-Chin" in her huge business-like shopping bag he looked it over with indifferent eyes. For his fatal illness was upon him. One song he wrote in the piece, *Those Temple Ragtime Bells.* He had attained his ambition to write songs for Montgomery and Stone, but in slight degree. His strength failed before he could complete other lyrics. He was buried a few weeks before the *première* of "Chin-Chin.'

In their beautiful home at Rockville Centre, Long Island, built upon a foundation of their joint royalties, Mrs. O'Dea went on with her work, for contracts must be filled despite sorrow and death. In her impressive widow's garb she bravely appeared at rehearsals. For the courage of woman be it said that the breaks in her voice were few and the quivering of her lips and chin were banished by a sturdy will.

"If there are no other women librettists it is because the work of writing book and lyrics for musical comedy requires a peculiar sort of training. One must know music. She must know dancing. She must know the musical comedy stage, and all the demands and limitations of it. The person best equipped for writing musical comedy is one who has sung and danced and performed comedy in it," she said.

"Tell me about writing 'Chin-Chin,'" I asked.

"The Montgomery and Stone plays are always started about a year in advance of their production and, during that year, everyone concerned in the production is racking his or her brain, in a constant effort to dig up novelties of any sort, suitable for the play. The company is almost always complete before the actual writing of the piece begins, which is, of course, a very great help to a writer, who has to work out parts and songs to fit personalities.

"I don't think there are two such stars on the stage as Montgomery and Stone, and the author who writes for them is very lucky, as not only do they give what is only half good a twist and 'put it over,' but it is a pleasure to work for and with them. Neither of them is afflicted with 'ego.'

"The key of the success of 'The Lady of the Slipper' and 'Chin-Chin' seems to be held in Mr. Dillingham's hand. His influence is everywhere visible. He has a thorough knowledge of the stage and a wonderful intuitive sense of what the public wants. For instance, people have been saying that the popularity of ragtime is over, that its vogue is past. Scores of persons gave him that advice, yet Mr. Dillingham went right on with 'Watch Your Step,' and note the result at the New Amsterdam at any performance."

White

ONE OF THE ODDEST SIGHTS IN NEW YORK

Nightly strollers in the neighborhood of 49th Street and Broadway, startled by the unusual sound of trumpet calls, have had their attention directed to the roof of the Punch and Judy Theatre, where a trumpeter, standing on the parapet in a special illumination and costumed in the gay colors of ancient heraldry was seen blowing a fanfare, announcing the half hour, the quarter hour and the signal for the rise of the curtain on "The Clever Ones." This is a revival of a custom of olden times, when the performances of strolling players were announced by royal trumpeters in the courtyards of the inns.

"Why did you choose a Chinese setting for the play?"

"Mr. Dillingham thought it the most picturesque. He, Mr. Burnside and I met every day at Mr. Dillingham's office and talked for hours. Each meeting the plot had evolved a bit further. It wasn't easy. To weave any kind of 'human interest' around two toy Mandarins who come to life in a Chinese shop, and insist upon playing a grand piano, dancing a fox trot, trying a ventriloquist specialty, and riding a barebacked horse was a bit daunting. Yet that was the problem that confronted us in 1913 when 'Chin-Chin' was begun. In the winter Mr. Burnside, who used to be the producer at the Hippodrome, went to Europe to arrange for the scene plots, costume plates and all the et ceteras of production. Mr. Ivan Caryll, who wrote the music, made a couple of flying trips across the ocean from his home in the Alps Maritimes, and I plugged away at my home on Long Island, making frequent trips to town to consult the Commander-in-chief at the Globe. Mr. Caryll and I exchanged cables, as the work progressed, that might have been mistaken for war news that needed censoring: 'Kill Mandarin, third act.' 'Destroy Chinese girl.' 'Tear up yellow man,' came across at twenty-five cents a word. It was a veritable correspondence school in playwriting."

"What is your working plan?"

"The first thing we do, to use a Frank Tinneyism, is to 'get our stunts all laid out,' and then mold the play around them. When it has become whole it is left to cool. Then Mr. Dillingham or another manager of musical comedy takes a sharp knife—a blue pencil will do—and cuts it full of holes. Into these holes we stuff songs and dances, and pretty girls and circus horses, and chic costumes and dummies, and ballet skirts and other accessories."

ADA PATTERSON.

Sarony HENRY MILLER (about 1881)

Sarony ROBERT HILLIARD (about 1885)

Sarony GUY STANDING (about 1894)

Sarony KATHERINE GREY (about 1894)

Sarony HENRY E. DIXEY (about 1880)

Sarony FANNIE WARD (about 1896)

Sarony ISABEL IRVING (about 1892)

Sarony WILLIAM FAVERSHAM (about 1889)

Rockwood DANIEL FROHMAN (about 1874)

Sarony WALKER WHITESIDE (about 1890)

Sarony MARIE TEMPEST (about 1887)

Sarony HENRIETTA CROSMAN (about 1886)

When They Were Twenty-one

Theatregoers often think fame has come easily and quickly to the players, not realizing that it usually takes many weary years before their talents are recognized and rewarded. Yet it is astonishing how many were already well on the road to fame at the early age of twenty-one. In our April issue we published a number of youthful and exceedingly rare portraits of stars now famous, together with some account of what they were doing at that time. This month we add others to this interesting gallery.

IT was in the counting room of the New York *Tribune* that Daniel Frohman, the well-known theatre manager, celebrated his twenty-first birthday. Later Jack Haverly engaged him as *avant-courier* to pave the way for the advent of Haverly's Minstrels. In 1880 he was business manager of the Madison Square Theatre and five years later organized the Lyceum Stock Company, which brought him fame and fortune.

When Robert Hilliard was twenty-one he was already known as "Handsome Bob," and had achieved no little fame as an amateur actor in Brooklyn. Bob left Wall Street and a promising career in that section because of his love for the stage, but he hesitated to become a professional actor. While still in his twenties, Hilliard erected in the City of Churches a bijou playhouse, then called "The Criterion," and for a long time devoted it to amateur and semi-professional performances.

But the lure of the footlights was too strong. A sensational success with a double bill, consisting of "Lost Twenty-four Hours," and "The Littlest Girl," made a full-fledged star of him, and "Blue Jeans," in which he starred for several seasons, did the rest. Hilliard was the first actor to present a serious playlet in vaudeville. When the present writer approached him, offering him $600 a week to appear twice daily, he protested he could not do any "stunts."

"I want the money, but what can I do?" pleaded Bob.

"Do just as you have done on Broadway," I suggested. "Play 'The Littlest Girl' and play it precisely as at the Madison Square."

He accepted. For ten years thereafter he never had an idle week, save from choice, and the $600 he was paid was the smallest salary he ever received.

Long before Fannie Ward was twenty-one she was a Broadway favorite, attracting the "Johnnies" to the Bijou Theatre, where her Cupid in "Orpheus and Eurydice" caused the late Robert Miles to feature her. Fannie spent her twenty-first birthday in London, where she achieved the greatest successes of her career, and where she later changed her name to Mrs. W. L. Lewis. Ever since, Miss Ward has been a star making a big hit, not only on the regular stage, but also in vaudeville and in the motion picture field.

Henry E. Dixey when twenty-one represented the hind legs of the Heifer in Edward E. Rice's production of "Evangeline," while the late Richard Golden was about the same age when his artistry was concealed in the Heifer's forelegs. Both rose to fame meteorically, and like so many other stars of the past and present had Mr. Rice to thank for their earliest opportunity. Dixey remained loyal to Rice almost throughout the latter's career as a producer. It was in the title rôle of Edward E. Rice's production, "Adonis," that Dixey scored the greatest success of his prolonged career.

Guy Standing at twenty-one was playing in England, where

Sarony

FRANCES PRITCHARD
Now appearing in "The Peasant Girl" at the 41th Street Theatre

his six feet of height and a fine physique were combined with such timidity and apparent bashfulness that English reviewers, less staid than those of to-day, were emboldened to reverse his name to that of "Standing Guy." But the young Englishman soon developed qualities which surprised his colleagues of the stage. While in his early twenties, Standing married the statuesque Isabelle Urquhart, and the two came to America after a long vogue in London theatres. Later they separated, Isabelle going into vaudeville, and Guy joining Frohman's forces.

When Walker Whiteside was twenty-one he was still known as "The Boy Hamlet," though he had already made a pretentious production of Shakespeare's play in the hope that he would be accepted as a matured interpreter of the rôle of the Dane. For ten years Whiteside toured the country with his own company in a half-dozen of Shakespeare's plays, gradually increasing his vogue with the public. Not even the great fire at Coates' Opera House, Kansas City, in 1901, when he lost the paraphernalia of three of his productions, stayed his persistent progress. Later he reluctantly gave way to the modern stage, producing "The Typhoon" and "Mr. Wu." He is now acting for motion pictures, but will be seen in a new play next season.

When Henry Miller was twenty-one he was a member of the stock company at a Toronto playhouse. He was still in his twenty-first year when he appeared with Modjeska, playing juvenile rôles, later supporting the beautiful Adelaide Neilson. His real career began when Augustin Daly engaged him to play in "Odette." The influence of Augustin Daly has ever since been in evidence throughout the actor-manager's career. Miller is one of the few actors who attain a high plane as a play-producer. He has to his credit the conversion of what was called "The Jonah Theatre" into a profitable institution. This was accomplished with "Zira" and "The Great Divide," in the old Princess Theatre, at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway.

Marie Tempest was only twenty-one when she created a furore in London in "Dorothy," an operetta which had the amazing run of two years. Before that Marie had scored hits in "Boccaccio" and in "Erminie." Here was a prima donna who could sing and act, and it was natural that her fame should spread to this side of the Atlantic. It was at Palmer's Theatre that Miss Tempest made her American début in 1890 in "The Red Hussar." Her triumph was so positive that Rudolph Aronson, John A. McCaull and Fred C. Whitney bombarded her with offers. For nearly four years she was the reigning favorite at the Casino, making her greatest successes in "The Fencing Master," "Nanon" and "The Algerian."

Returning to England, Miss Tempest was the principal attraction at Daly's Theatre under George Edwardes in "The Geisha," "The Artist's Model" and "San Toy." In these she was revealed as the best singing comedienne of the last half of the nineteenth century. Miss Tempest then abandoned musical plays and became one of the foremost dramatic stars of the English stage.

Though on the stage for nearly thirty years, Isabel Irving is still appearing in rôles of the same type in which she first tempted fate at Daly's Theatre when she was twenty-one. In the early 80's Isabel was a member of the Rosina Vokes remarkable comedy company. While with Mr. Daly, Miss Irving made three tours of Great Britain, creating many new rôles and scoring notably in "The Hunchback" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." But it was at the Lyceum Theatre (then at Twenty-fourth Street and Fourth Avenue) that Miss Irving established herself for all time with American playgoers. Here she created so many important parts that it would be difficult to particularize, but the three plays best remembered are "The Wife," "The Charity Ball" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," in the last of which she was featured with an organization on tour. In private life Miss Irving is Mrs. William H. Thompson. (*Continued on page 312*)

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FAY COMPTON
Seen recently as Victoria in the musical comedy "To-night's the Night"

Photos White FRED A. STONE IN REAL LIFE

FRED STONE AS THE CLOWN IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER"

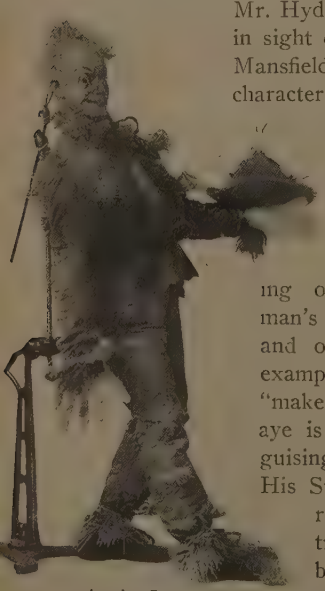
A Master of Make-Up

MAKE-UP" in the actor's vocabulary is by no means confined to the use of paint and powder. It has to do also with his costuming, his personality and often with his physical appearance. A fat actor must make himself seem lean, a thin actor must be fat, a tall one short and so on. To achieve such results is an essential part of the actor's ambition, although in these days of incomplete education for the stage the art of "make-up" is frequently neglected. It is well known that Sir Herbert Tree is a past master in this branch of his art; indeed some people declare that in disguising himself he is more successful than as an actor. The fact remains that he is able to submerge his identity so completely that an audience cannot recognize him until he begins to speak. On the other hand, the late Sir Henry Irving, with his powerful personality, could never deceive his audience, no matter what his "make-up" might be or how complete it was. But Richard Mansfield in this direction was brilliantly successful. One of his most popular impersonations was that of the dual rôle, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Practically within sight of his audience, Mr. Mansfield changed from one character to another—absolutely dissimilar. With the help only of a bit of paint, a daub of powder, the hitching of a shoulder, the limping of a leg—plus the man's stupendous genius—and one had a complete example of the art of "make-up." Wilton Lackaye is also skilful in disguising his appearance. His Svengali will long be remembered by theatre-goers. Nothing is better calculated to interest and thrill an audience than the ability of an actor to puzzle them with what is known as a quick change right before their eyes.

Among those actors at present before the public who are masters of "make-up" is Fred A. Stone, now appearing in "Chin-Chin." No one who saw Stone's Scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz" days can forget the wonderful skill of that amusing impersonation. Since that time Mr. Stone has steadily progressed in his remarkable gift for "make-up," until it has become not unusual for him to be half a dozen personalities, different in every essential, such as voice, mannerism and even size, throughout a single evening. If in "Chin-Chin" he were to omit his disguises something would be missing in the play.

Mr. Stone was born in Denver, and began his career as an acrobat in a circus. Later he played Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" all through the West. It was about 1894 when he met David Montgomery and they formed a partnership to do a black-face act in vaudeville. In 1900 they went to London to support Edna May in "The Girl From Up There." Two years later Mr. Stone made his first real hit in "The Wizard of Oz."

Mr. Stone says he gets his results very simply, omitting the fact that the requisite qualities of successful "make-up" are invention, wit, inspiration and no little genius.



As the Scarecrow

Montgomery & Stone as Chinamen in "Chin-Chin"

As a ballet dancer

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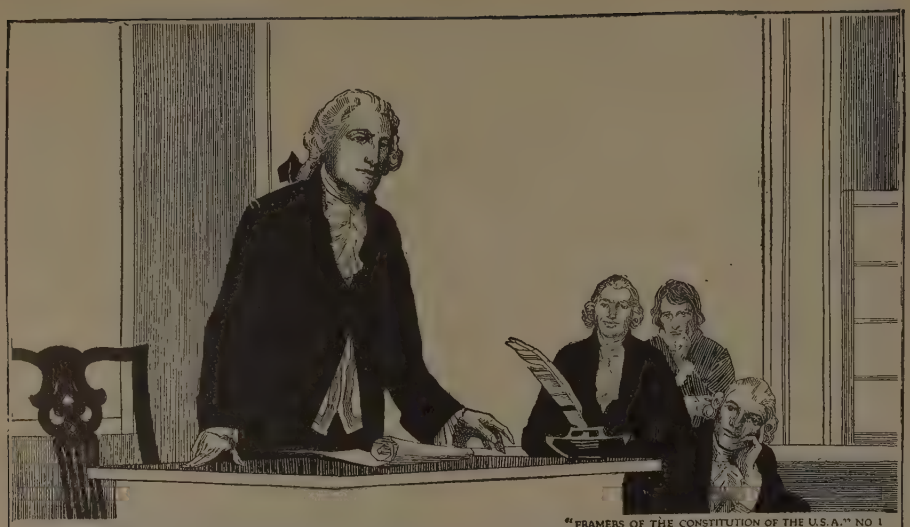

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO 1

George Washington—"Father of His Country"

EVERY AMERICAN knows that without "Immortal Washington" our National Independence would have been impossible. Few, however, know that the greatest battle of Washington's life was fought to secure for his countrymen the Constitution of the United States. Almost immediately after the Revolution it seemed that all the great sacrifice of blood and treasure had been in vain. The original thirteen states refused to work in harmony, either in spirit or in law. The new Republic was tottering to its foundations. At this critical period in American history the most brilliant men of each state met in convention and unanimously elected Washington as President—undoubtedly the most momentous gathering of the kind the world has ever known. Here he displayed as great ability as law-maker as he had as a warrior. For months the Fathers of the Republic labored, and finally adopted our present National Law, which forever guarantees Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. This was in 1787. Seventy years later Anheuser-Busch established their great institution upon the tenets of the Federal Law which Washington did so much to create. Like all of the great men of his time he was a moderate user of good old barley brews. For three generations Anheuser-Busch have brewed honest malt and hop beers. To-day 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the ever-increasing public demand. The great popularity of their brand—BUDWEISER—due to quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, has made its sales exceed those of any other beer by millions of bottles.

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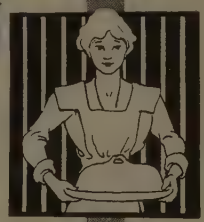

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When They Were Twenty-One

(*Continued from page* 308)

When Henrietta Crosman was twenty-one she was playing important rôles in the Madison Square Theatre.

So many stars of to-day first attracted attention at the Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue that it will surprise no one to learn that William Faversham was in that organization when he was twenty-one. Here he remained several seasons later supporting the Mrs. Fiske of to-day, then known as Minnie Maddern in "In Spite of All" and "Caprice."

Katherine Grey comes from San Francisco and was little more than sixteen when she made her first appearance in New York at Daly's in 1889, as Lou in "The Golden Widow." She was not yet twenty-one when she made her first substantial success as Helen Berry in "Shore Acres."

ROBERT GRAU.

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Shakespeare at Wadleigh

"The Merchant of Venice" was most successfully given at the Wadleigh High School, on Thursday evening, April 29th, by a cast composed entirely of the girl students. The success of the production was due to the splendid coaching of Miss E. Murray, the school's dramatic teacher, who is recognized in school theatricals as the best authority on Shakespeare. The audience of over 2,000 persons enjoyed every word of the play. Miss Rose M. Maguire, in her characterization of Portia, was received with enthusiasm and received several curtain calls. The complete cast was: Portia, Rose M. Maguire; Nerissa, Gladys K. Bleiman; Bassanio, Dorothy C. Davey; Gratiano, Estelle A. Howard; Lorenzo, Eloise C. Dawley; Jessica, Veronica G. Curran; Stephano, Bertha S. Zolot; Antonio, Miriam P. Cohn.

Greek Tragedies

(*Continued from page* 283)

all the ancient dramas—so different from modern conception of the term!

To assist Mr. Barker perfect his plans for the City College production, Mayor Mitchel appointed a committee of well-known New Yorkers, among whom were: President Nicholas Murray Butler, Paul D. Cravath, Walter Damrosch, John Drew, William K. Vanderbilt, Oscar Straus, Frank A. Vanderlip, George W. Wickersham, Brander Matthews, Percy Mackaye, Clarence H. Mackay, William Dean Howells, Otto H. Kahn, Justice Samuel Greenbaum, Elbert H. Gary, Col. George Harvey, Norman Hapgood, Clayton Hamilton, Miss Anne Morgan and Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien.

Besides giving the inaugural performance of "The Trojan Women" in the stadium on Saturday afternoon, May 29th, Mr. Barker will also give several other performances of that tragedy and of "Iphigenia in Tauris" as follows; Monday afternoon, May 31st, "Iphigenia," with Miss McCarthy in the title rôle; Wednesday afternoon, June 2nd, "The Trojan Women"; and Saturday, June 5th, "Iphigenia." ORSON MERIDEN.

New Columbia Records

So much good popular music was written during the past thirty days, and so much of it well worth preserving, that sixteen popular songs were issued on double-disc records by the Columbia Company. *"I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay," "Runaway June," "The Little Ford Rambled Right Along," "Si's Been Drinking Cider,"* and *"Don't Take My Darling Boy Away."*

Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, the famous dramatic tenor has made his first graphophone records as a Columbia artist. Anyone can now hear in their own home the wonderful dynamic power and clarion quality of Ferrari-Fontana's voice in the two greatest tenor solos from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna."

The Columbia Company has reduced the price of all the records sung in English by Miss Nielsen to $1.50 for each double-disc.

Dancing still continues to be the one popular indoor amusement. As summer approaches, it will become an outdoor amusement. Composers of dance music are given no rest. One of their resources—and it is a good one—is to transcribe popular songs and the best semi-classical songs into dance time. Two of Nevin's most beautiful songs, *"Mighty Lak' a Rose"* and *"Nightingale's Waltz,"* are played as waltzes by Prince's Band, on the last Columbia list. Among the popular songs, *"I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay," "Chinatown, My Chinatown,"* and *"There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning,"* are also arranged as one-step and fox trots.—*Advt.*

Writing a Moving Picture Scenario

(*Continued from page* 287)

cannot be photographed comes the error of most amateurs of writing altogether too much description. Following is a technically correct half-reel comedy.

(Page 1)

THE DARLING AND THE DUMMY

(A Half-Reel Comedy)

By Warren Mason*

SYNOPSIS: At a lake shore where there are several bungalows, D'Auber and wife occupy one. McBrush occupies an adjoining bungalow. Mrs. D'Auber is a plain, stern, jealous woman. She mounts her wheel to ride to post office. The two men sit by lake front to paint. Flora Fleetwell rides along in car—stops for drink of water, recognizes D'Auber as an old friend and sits on log to talk with him. They recall old times and become affectionate. McBrush is using telescope and discovers that Mrs. D'Auber, at lower end of lake, is also using telescope, sees her husband. He warns D'Auber, Flora hurries away and by the time Mrs. D'Auber gets back McBrush has rigged up a lay figure and is posing D'Auber on log with it. Mrs. D'Auber is crestfallen and begs her husband's forgiveness for her jealousy.

*Production rights reserved by the author.

(Page 2)

THE DARLING AND THE DUMMY

Cast

Mr. D'Auber.....An Artist
Mrs. D'Auber.....His Wife
Mr. McBrush.....D'Auber's Friend
Flora Fleetwell.....An Old Friend of D'Auber's Chauffeur.

Scenes

Scenes 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 14, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23.....Lake Front
Scenes 2, 4.....Country Road
Scene 8.....Close to McBrush
Scenes 9, 13.....Lake Shore
Scene 10.....Close to D'Auber and Flora
Scene 12.....Close to D'Auber
Scene 15.....Country Road
Scenes 18, 20.....Country Road Near Lake
Scene 19.....Close to D'Auber and Dummy

Total Scenes	23	Props—Dummy
Different Scenes ...	9	Bicycle
Leaders	7	Artist's materials
		Automobile
		Two telescopes
		Bottle
		Log
		Woman's clothes

(Pages 3, etc.)

THE DARLING AND THE DUMMY

By Warren Mason

SCENE 1

LAKE FRONT

McBrush at easel painting. D'Auber comes out of bungalow and joins him, begins to sketch. Mrs. D'Auber in bicycle costume comes out of bungalow, gives him orders not to go away, mounts wheel and rides away.

SCENE 2

COUNTRY ROAD

Mrs. D'Auber gets off wheel, goes through bushes to lake front, takes telescope from hand bag and looks down lake to see what husband is doing.

SCENE 3

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)

D'Auber and McBrush are painting.

SCENE 4

COUNTRY ROAD (Same as 2)

Mrs. D'Auber remounts and rides away.

SCENE 5

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)

D'Auber looks up and down to make sure he is not seen. Takes bottle from hiding place in hollow tree. Both men drink. Auto drives up. Flora gets out.

LEADER—"WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME A DRINK OF WATER?"

SCENE 6

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)

Both men rush to get her a drink. Flora recognizes D'Auber, they shake hands. McBrush goes on to house to bring water.

LEADER—"WHY CHARLIE D'AUBER, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR FIVE YEARS!"

SCENE 7

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)

They sit on log and chat. McBrush brings glass of water. He is introduced. Then he strolls away to let them talk. Finally he picks up a telescope from his painting kit and looks up and down the landscape. D'Auber and Flora become affectionate.

SCENE 8

CLOSE TO McBRUSH

He is looking through telescope and suddenly starts in surprise, becomes excited.

LEADER—WHAT HE SEES.

SCENE 9

LAKE SHORE

Mrs. D'Auber on bank of lake looks through telescope. She becomes fearfully excited, prances about, shakes fist. Looks again.

LEADER—WHAT SHE SEES.

SCENE 10

CLOSE TO D'AUBER AND FLORA

D'Auber and Flora on log. His arm is about her, very affectionate.

SCENE 11

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)

McBrush rushes to D'Auber, hands him telescope, tells him where to look. D'Auber looks through telescope.

SCENE 12

CLOSE TO D'AUBER

He becomes panic stricken, as, looking through telescope, he finds his wife has seen him.

SCENE 13

LAKE SHORE (Same as 9)

Mrs. D'Auber shuts up telescope. Mounts wheel and starts to ride furiously back home to catch her husband.

SCENE 14

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)

Flora is told what has happened. She rushes to auto, but drops hat. Climbs in and goes away.

(*Continued on page* 316)

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The Stratford-on-Avon Players

(*Continued from page* 292)

to produce a great Hamlet, Mr. Carrington has the main requisite. Graceful in action, fine of feature, with a voice that is full and rich in its lower register, with a serious effort behind all his characterizations, this actor's Hamlet will stand comparison with all except, perhaps, only one we know—that one also English, and now too seldom offered on the stage.

One feels in witnessing performances of the Stratford-on-Avon Company the assurance of historical accuracy in properties and costumes. Some of the effects are most beautiful. Miss Green as the fiery-tempered Beatrice adds to her characterization by her dresses. In the battle scenes the armor, flags, crests, are correct and martial to the last degree. The French camp in "Henry V" is a passionate whirl of amorous debauchery. The tournament challenge in "Richard II" is like a crowded Byam Shaw painting. Shallow's garden in "Henry IV" is a gem in *genre* setting, while in the same play a remarkable sense of distance is secured by the silhouette of walls and turrets against a blue back drop.

Some spectators may incorrectly conclude that the theories of Mr. Gordon Craig have had an effect on these settings. This is not the case. Just a minute's consideration linked to the most elementary facts of life four centuries ago will turn into sheerest realism what at first glance appears to be curtain draped decoration. Great halls like Westminster were always hung with tapestries for state occasions, no stone walls showed through, yet for years producers have overlooked this opportunity for spectacular harmony or contrast between background and costumes, or between setting and action. This neglect has also utterly spoiled what would be such a natural thing in "Hamlet." Old, valuable hangings and storied tapestries were not allowed to rot against damp stones, so the arras frame extended a foot or more from the walls, making it perfectly possible for Polonius to conceal himself behind the arras. Realizing that Hamlet would discover him at once behind a drapery close against the wall, managers for years have been sending him into a curtained alcove, out of which he rolls in such a way as to entirely negative Hamlet's ignorance of his identity. It is such details as these "which make the judicious grieve" that the Stratford Company has reformed almost altogether.

English people have for this group of conscientious artists a familiar affection, and, apprehensive of the large-handed moneyed way of doing things in the United States, are letting their feelings escape in personal letters, so many of which repeat the refrain, "Please don't keep our actors over there."

CLARENCE STRATTON.

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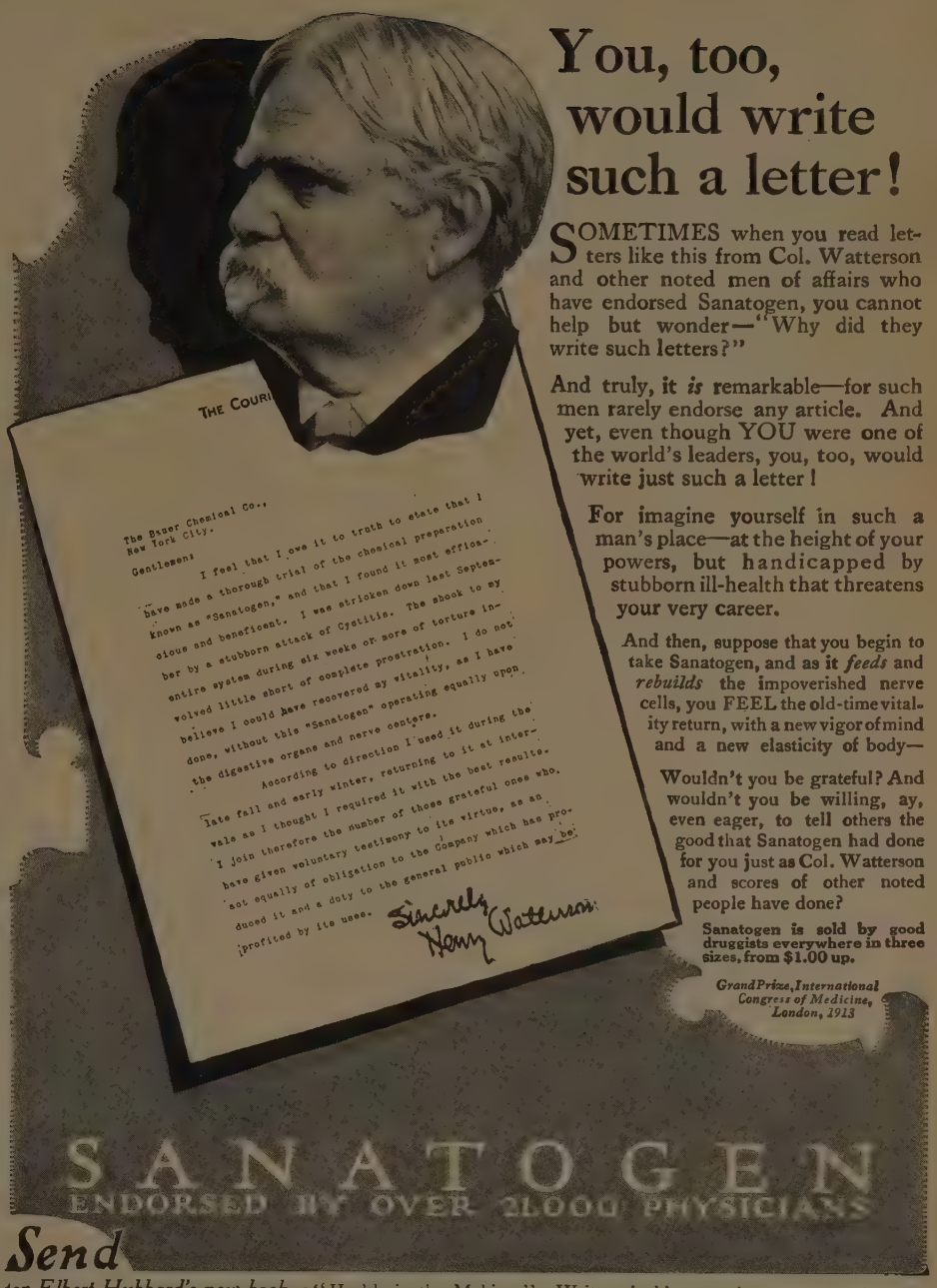
Vicissitudes of a Playwright

(*Continued from page* 294)

what was said to be the largest advance royalty ever given an author. But they flatly refused to take the play. It was not what they wanted. Presently William Harris came to the fore with the statement that he was always ready to take a chance on something written by the author of "The Lion and the Mouse," and having returned the royalty to Klaw and Erlanger, in addition to a substantial bonus, his confidence was justified by profits exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"A prime requisite in the embryo dramatist," said Mr. Klein, "is to keep up one's courage under rebuffs. First plays are almost never fit for the stage in anything approaching the form conceived by the author, and he may study books on dramatic technique until he goes blind, without acquiring the practical knowledge he needs. I have no patience with a man who takes such pride in what he had done that he cannot see the necessity of tearing it to pieces and doing it over again, even if some of his pet scenes are deleted. Nor is hack work to be scoffed at. I learned quite a bit about the stage through my experience in writing and rewriting melodramas, and knowledge of that sort—the value of action and the things that 'get' an audience—is more useful than a literary training, which so often produces a maximum of nicely rounded sentences and a minimum of drama."

LYNDE DENIG.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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 282)

appreciation of the style of treatment some farces require. For Mr. Fred Jackson's three-act piece he takes a lightning tempo, injects the most time-honored methods of slap-stick fun, throws finesse to the winds and lets her go at that. The result is an effect that never gives time for anything approaching sober reflection. A wise proceeding in this case for "A Full House," while generously filled with unthinking laughs will never stand strict analysis. But those who want fun, and must have it, will never cavil over the methods by which it is produced. "A Full House" distinctly serves its purpose and will undoubtedly enjoy a considerable degree of popularity. It has some funny situations, some bright lines and a company capable of carrying into effect the stage essentials.

CANDLER. The Drama Committee of the Gamut Club gave evidence of intelligent activity in its production of three plays at the Candler Theatre, with professional sureness in such of the acting as was done by professionals, but with traces here and there of the inevitableness that belongs to private organizations. The stubbornest thing attempted was "The Death of Tintagiles," that weird, impressionist little drama of mystery and mourning, which is enough to baffle the efforts of the best actors in the world. It is said that Sarah Bernhardt is to use the piece in her coming tour of America. "Self Defense," in one act, written by Anne Moore, of the Club, had professional values, dramatic in the customary way. "The Courtship of Then, Now and Tomorrow," by Anna Wynne, indicates in its title the whimsical treatment.

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Writing a Moving Picture Scenario

(Continued from page 313)

SCENE 15

COUNTRY ROAD
Mrs. D'Auber riding furiously, shaking fist. Has funny fall. Up and off again.

SCENE 16

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)
D'Auber is frightened. McBrush has an idea.
LEADER—"CHEER UP I WILL SAVE YOU!"

SCENE 17

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)
McBrush makes D'Auber sit on log. He rushes into his bungalow, brings out a life-sized wooden lay figure. Talks, both men laugh. Both rush to bungalow and come out with some women's clothes. They dress up the lay figure, putting on hat Flora dropped, also a wig. McBrush sits D'Auber beside this figure on log, sets up his easel and begins to sketch them.

SCENE 18

COUNTRY ROAD NEAR LAKE
Mrs. D'Auber approaches on wheel, dismounts, looks down lake through telescope. Raves again. She is at different angle and sees only their backs.
LEADER—"WHAT SHE SEES THIS TIME."

SCENE 19

CLOSE TO D'AUBER AND DUMMY
D'Auber is still jokingly embracing the dummy.

SCENE 20

COUNTRY ROAD NEAR LAKE (Same as 18)
Mrs. D'Auber, wild with rage, mounts wheel and speeds on.

SCENE 21

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)
Both men laughing, McBrush continues to sketch D'Auber and dummy, D'Auber playfully embraces dummy. Mrs. D'Auber rides frantically on scene, falls off wheel, jumps up, rushes to D'Auber from back, hands clawing air. She rushes up and yanks hair of dummy, wig and hat come off. D'Auber jumps up in mock anger. McBrush in mock anger at her. She is stupefied at sight of the dummy. Funny scene.
LEADER—"MADAM, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

SCENE 22

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)
McBrush pointing angrily at dummy. Mrs. D'Auber rushes tearfully to husband and embraces him.
LEADER—"FORGIVE ME DEAR, I THOUGHT IT WAS A REAL WOMAN. I'LL NEVER BE JEALOUS AGAIN!"

SCENE 23

LAKE FRONT (Same as 1)
McBrush grins. D'Auber clasping his wife, nods "yes" to her and secretly winks at McBrush.

FADE.

In writing a photoplay first get your idea, then summarize it briefly in a synopsis. After that, skip to the description of the scenes and when these are finished make up your summary from these scenes.

WARREN MASON.

Prose, as regards the external linguistic form, is the representative of actual existing reality, of the external body of history. Verse represents its inner poetical character, the thought, the ideal domain.—ULRICI.

QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

A. A. H., Worcester, Mass.—Q.—Is "Prunella," which was produced at the Little Theatre, published in play form?

A.—Yes. You can get it from Samuel French, 30 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

B. C., Milwaukee, Wis.—Q.—When and where was Sarah Bernhardt born and in what play did she first appear?

A.—Paris, 1844; in "Iphigenie," in 1862, at the Comédie Française.

An Interested Reader, Stafford Springs, Conn.—Q.—Kindly give me the names of the best dramatic schools and their addresses?

A.—For obvious reasons we cannot name any particular dramatic schools. Consult our advertising columns.

B. S. L., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Where is Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson now, and is he going to make another tour of the United States? 2. Have E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe retired permanently from the stage?

A.—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is now on tour in this country. We do not think he will make another tour of the United States, as it was announced that this was to be his farewell. 2. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have not retired from the stage. They are only temporarily resting at Washington, D. C., owing to Miss Marlowe's ill health.

H. A. S., Cambridge, Mass.—Q.—Kindly advise me as to how I can get on the stage? I am not in a position to go to any school of acting.

A.—Unless you have decided talent, our advice is that you adopt another profession. If, however, you are bent on a stage career and cannot attend a dramatic school the best way is to join some stock company playing small parts at first and gradually work your way up.

L. Z., New York City.—Q.—What was the cast of "Hearts Are Trumps," during what year was it played and at what theatre?

A.—"Hearts Are Trumps," a London melodrama by Cecil Raleigh, was given at the Garden Theatre on February 21, 1900, with the following cast:

Winifred Crosby, Amelia Bingham; Dora Woodberry, May Buckley; Marchioness of Bletchworth, Helen Robinson; Countess of Fairfield, Sara Perry; Lady Dovedale, Helen Gardner; Mrs. Darville, Eleanor Morretti; Maude St. Trevor, Jessie Busley; Mrs. Martin Bailey, Ellen van Bentheysen; Earl of Burford, Edwin Arden; Rev. John Thorold, Philip Cunningham; Basil Gillespie, S. Miller Kent; Leopold Kolditz, E. M. Holland; Mr. Dyson, William Cullington; Arthur Dyson, Arthur de Milne; Mr. Jowett, Grant Stuart; Michael Wain, Sidney Herbert; Daisy Minto, Pauline von Arold; Davis, Wales Winter; Mr. Freeman, N. L. Jelenko; Monsieur Fournal, Carl St. Aubyn; Captain Hope, Henry Davis.

M. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Can you tell me where Robert Ober is now appearing?

A.—He recently played the rôle of Eugene Ramsey in "A Mix-Up," at the 39th Street Theatre, this city.

Miss J. D. Z., Atlantic City, N. J.—Q.—Kindly inform me if you have published scenes from the following plays: "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca," "The Lure," "The Plain Woman," "Ziegfeld's Follies of 1914," "High Jinks," "The Silent Voice," "That Sort," "The Shadow," "The Peasant Girl," "Suzi," "90 in the Shade."

A.—In the November, 1906, issue and the April, 1907, issue we published scenes from "Madame Butterfly." We have never printed scenes from "Tosca," but we have had numerous photographs of prominent opera singers as Tosca. In the February, 1915, issue there is a scene in "The Silent Voice," and a scene from "Suzi" is in the December, 1914, issue. A full page picture of Alla Nazimova in "That Sort" also appeared in our December, 1914, issue. You will find scenes from "The Shadow" and "90 in the Shade" in the March, 1915, issue. We have not printed scenes from "The Plain Woman," "High Jinks" or "The Follies of 1914," but in our June, 1914, issue there is a full page of girls who appeared in "The Follies." In the September, 1913, number is a scene in "The Lure."

F. H., Staunton, Va.—Q.—Have you ever published an article on Isadora Duncan, the classic dancer?

A.—See our February, 1905, issue.

C. F., New York City.—Q.—Kindly give me the dates of numbers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in which articles or pictures of Elsie Ferguson appeared?

A.—There is a full-page picture in the March, 1915, issue; Jan., 1915, a photo of Miss Ferguson in "Outcast"; Aug., 1914, a full-page photograph; Apr., 1914, in "The Strange Woman"; Dec., 1913, picture; Sept., 1913, picture; July, 1913, picture; May, 1913, picture on cover; Aug., 1912, picture; Mar., 1912, picture in "The First Lady of the Land"; May, 1910, picture; Nov., 1909, article and picture; Oct., 1909, picture; Feb., 1909, picture and article.

S. C. C., Richford, Vt.—Q.—Have you ever published scenes from "Ranson's Folly," a play produced some years ago with Robert Edeson in the leading part?

A.—A review of "Ranson's Folly" was published in our February, 1904, issue and four scenes from the play were in the March, 1904, issue.

H. A. W., New York City.—Q.—Have you published in any back number a full page picture of Madge Kennedy, now appearing in "Twin Beds."

A.—A full page picture of Madge Kennedy has never been printed in THE THEATRE, but a large photo of her was in our October, 1914, issue.

S. P. B., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Is "The Things That Count" a well-written comedy drama and could it, with proper cast, be given with chances of success?

A.—See our review of "The Things That Count" in our January, 1914, issue.

R. A. S., New York.—Q.—What is the correct pronunciation of Mme. Alla Nazimova's name: Nazeemova or Nazimova?

A.—The actress herself pronounces it Na-zim-ov-a.

C. M. P., Brooklyn.—Q.—Kindly publish some account of Wallace Eddinger, including names of plays in which he has appeared.

A.—Wallace Eddinger was born in Albany, N. Y. on July 14, 1881. He made his first appearance on the stage as a child at the People's Theatre, New York, as Jocy in "Among the Pines." He has appeared in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Next of Kin," "Caught in the Rain," "Classmates," "The Third Degree," "Bobby Burnit" and "Officer 666." He was recently seen in a film play.

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Pavlowa

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Robert B. Mantell

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Florence Walton

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"I consider that O'Sullivan's Heels are a great aid to dancing."

Joan Sawyer

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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

CONTENTS

Clothes Seen on the Stage

Blouses

Bathing Suited a la Mode

The Maid Who Would A'touring Go!

Photo Ira L. Hill's Studio

A lovely and up-to-date reincarnation of an earlier day and mode in the person of Miss Roszika Dolly. This dress was designed for wear on the stage, but with the line of the pannier modified a bit, it would serve with equal charm for a summer dancing frock.

Clothes Seen On The Stage

THE more I hear about the matter of appropriateness in connection with dressing for the stage, the more I am convinced that it is one of the chief factors by which an actress obtains her effects, and that we lay members of society don't pay half enough attention to it.

Miss Julia Dean, for instance, brought up another angle of the subject the other day in her dressing room in one of the entr'actes of "The Law of the Land." She was telling me such awfully interesting things of the way she went about choosing her clothes for the play.

CLOTHES IN WHICH TO KILL A MAN.

"You see," she said, "I had to remember in the first place that I am going to kill a man. There was a stunning evening gown of black that I very much wanted to have, but I couldn't come on looking like a portent, could I, and anticipate the climax of the act? Then in the rest of the play—you remember the scene at the breakfast table and in my bedroom?—I should have liked to wear a lovely frilly négligée, but there again I had to remember that I must be in readiness to meet strange men, to be questioned by detectives, police officials. A frivolous négligée might detract from the tragedy of the situation. So," Miss Dean added with a regretful sigh for the unattained garment, "I wear this."

Another washable crêpe de chine from Lord & Taylor, with sleeves and underbodice of Georgette crêpe, the latter showing through what is called a "broken suspender."

"Please don't regret the négligée," I said. "You are entirely satisfactory just as you stand." *This*, the frock Miss Dean had on, was an old blue crêpe météor, the skirt draped softly with pocket-like folds at the hips, the waist surplice fashion, continuing in sash ends tied in the back (a model with the same idea and by chance in the same color I afterward saw at Franklin Simon's, of which more later), a novel capuchin hood fell collar-wise from the neck. As a supplementing touch of color Miss Dean was wearing on her little finger a green stone set in silver, which the stage lighting changes to the same shade of blue as her dress. And the blue of the frock contrasting in delightful vividness with the whiteness of Miss Dean's skin and the scarlet of her mouth makes her a picture altogether "easy to look at," and yet in no way out of harmony with what the play wishes to convey. We others, fortunately, are not required to consider costuming ourselves to suit homicidal complications, but the application of the principle of appropriateness involved can be most profitably emulated.

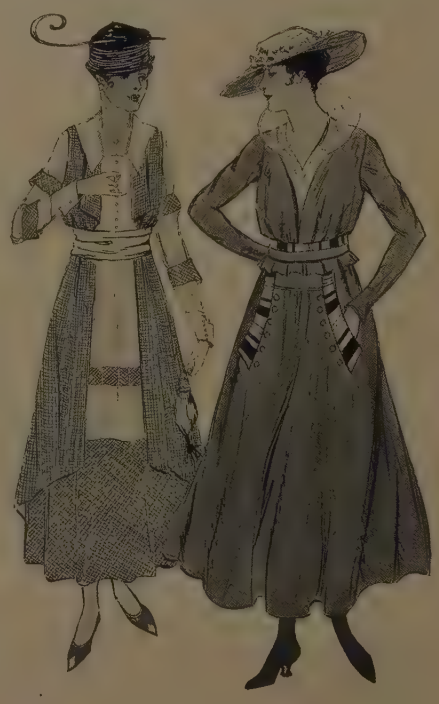
POLYMURIELS.

Working on this same principle *Miss Dean has evolved from her ingenious brain a costume for her own personal use,* which she

Miss Dean has evolved from her ingenious brain a costume for her own personal use.

most generously allowed me to sketch. The dress proper is all in one piece, slipping on and snapping up the front in the quickest possible time, and obviating any fussing with the usual extra contrivances, a great asset for one who has to dress and undress many times a day. The outside jacket speaks for itself in the sketch. The whole costume, you can see, is excellent in line; it is loose, comfortable, practical in the best Greek sense, but above all of a smartness! Black gabardine was the material, but Miss Dean in summer has the same model made up in linens and fine French flannels. Altogether it seems the ideal "Polymuriel" of which New York is talking so much at present—that garment that is to combine in itself all of the above mentioned characteristics and be for universal use; though Miss Dean, to be sure, had never heard of the "Polymuriel" when she designed the costume. I submit it herewith for your consideration.

Fresh from my interview I dropped into



Franklin Simon's. "What have you in the nature of a 'Polymuriel'?" I asked, and elucidated further. "Something simple, practical, hot-weather comfortable, above all smart."

FROCKS EVERY-DAY-AND-ALL-OCCASION-WEARABLE.

They were not a bit phased by the comprehensiveness of my description. "Lots," they said calmly, and led me to the show cases. It took me more time to eliminate the ones I couldn't carry away on paper than it did to sketch the two offered here. *The dress with the box-plaited skirt*—already mentioned above—*had the little panel in the centre of its girdle in a vivid green embroidered in black and gold,* and a novel jacket effect in the back. Its material, old blue china silk, with hemstitched vest of blue chiffon should make it delightfully cool for summer, in other words, practical; it was certainly smart, and suitable for innumerable occasions. There were other dresses in the same category, kilted crêpe de chines, pussy-willows in simple, straight lines and different colors, buttoning up the front and beautifully adapted for showing off any handsome set of collars and cuffs one might happen to possess. *A little dressier in tone was midnight blue taffeta, with a tan chiffon waist embroidered in black,* and one with a black and white candy striped

A washable crêpe de chine frock from Lord & Taylor.

skirt and alluring black taffeta jacket, its coat-tail a sassy bow, its collars and cuffs, organdie inset with a lace insertion.

Faring further in my quest I crossed the way to Lord & Taylor, and repeated my formula to the head of the dress department. "Show me what you have, please, that combines beauty, comfort, simplicity, practicality." Sounds almost as mythical as the schoolboy's definition of an amphibian, doesn't it?—"cannot live on land and dies in teh water." But Lord & Taylor rose joyfully to the occasion. They had plenty of "amphibians." The head felt that never had there been a time when women had so much chance to buy just such a combination of requirements in clothes. "Let me show you," she said, and we looked at June models. And the proof of the pudding, I should say the amphibian, or the Polymuriel, or what you will, is in the two accompanying sketches. I'm going to let them talk for themselves, except to say that the material is a washable crêpe de chine of most wonderful quality, candy striped in blue and in black, the whole beautifully made and

(*Continued on page* 329)

Beauty and simplicity were in the blue-checked foulard combined with plain blue chiffon.

Comfort and practicality in the black, dust-shedding taffeta, with its short bouffant skirt black and white striped belt and pocket bandings.

THEATRE—*Advt.*

Underwood & Underwood

LOUISE DRESSER

Wearing one of the new felt walking hats. This model of geranium pink felt with underbrim of straw was designed for Miss Dresser by one of Fifth Avenue's best milliners. Hats of fine French felt in all the new shapes are being shown by New York milliners as the last word in sport and traveling hats.

Blouses

BACK in 1823, *La Belle Assemblée,* the fashion paper of the day, made the first mention of the separate blouse, the chief novelty of that year being the introduction of plaited ones "many of them made of clear muslin." And though the blouse has come and gone in the front ranks of fashion since 1823 and protean have been its forms I fancy it has never quite disappeared from use.

Anyway here it is in the June of 1915, again to the fashionable fore, and those of "clear muslin"—generically speaking—with the plaited frill of two or three years ago, that had the unique distinction of being universally becoming *though* universally worn, "some" distinction, are particularly in evidence. This season, however, the workmanship has been greatly improved on and the variety of themes worked out from the basic model of white linen with its hemstitched ruffles—a model always chic—seems unending—white linens dotted in colors, banded in stripes, edged with a color; white frills on plain colors in the new shades of blues and browns and greens, which are rather strong in tone: white figured batistes with single frill, white batistes tucked with lace frill and a collar in color—"all, all are there" as the Victorian Fanny Fern used to exclaim "to intoxicate and bewilder."

One beautiful little waist was worked out in buff voile, a white frilling down the front and linen collar and cuffs strapped in buff; a brown chiffon tie, threaded through the collar and tied in a small artist's bow, completed what would make an ideal waist for the young person. All these different models I saw at Altman's, and though of domestic manufacture they had every bit the *chic* and dainty air we have been accustomed to associate with the best French product, minus—delightful thought—the import price.

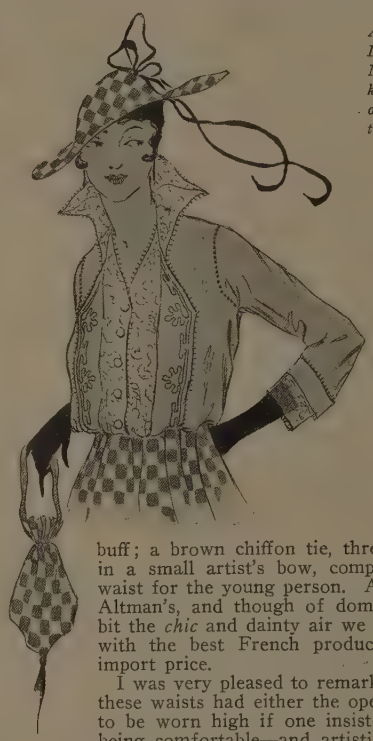
I was very pleased to remark that, with one or two exceptions, these waists had either the open neck, or else convertible collars to be worn high if one insisted on it, or low if one preferred being comfortable—and artistic. Personally I do not favor the high neck line—though certain slender faces can get away with it—having seen good-looking women transformed over night by the donning of a blouse, say sand-colored, buttoned under the chin and wrinkling in folds. They seemed to peer unhappily at me over these collars, much as the pictured Padang women peer over the series of iron rings it is the fashion for them to wear round their necks.

If you are looking for inexpensive tailored waists I have seen one of the best things of its kind at McCreery's. The model has four box plaits down the front, fastening with three pearl buttons and having a workable up-or-down collar, the whole beautifully cut and finished. It comes in deep shades of blue and raspberry, as well as white, and the colors may have a white organdie collar, if you prefer a relieving touch. A riding shirt in a lovely quality of washable white china silk at extraordinary value was shown me.

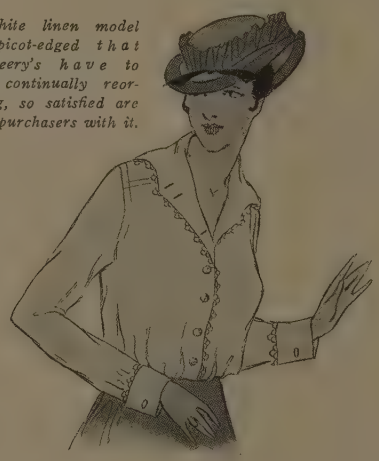
At Best's I saw "the Meadowbrook," planned for sport, and made up in white linen and an unusual shade of string color that should be becoming to almost any complexion. The line of this was beyond reproach, and special attention had been given to the dip at the bottom of the jacket which can be so awkward in some Norfolk models. At the same store I saw *a waist that,* I suppose, would go under the tailored classification, yet which presented, at the same time, through the beautiful quality of its silk, an aspect of dressiness that would take it almost anywhere. We'll say then that it is in a class by itself. *Glacé merveilleux* Best called the material and marvellous it is: for it will go into the tub and come out again with all its pristine shimmeringness unimpaired. It is made in two shades of pink and a deep ivory.

By the way, McCreery's are making a specialty of waists in nets and voiles and crêpe de chines at a uniform moderate price, and surely nothing could be lovelier for anyone to wear, morning or afternoon, with a white skirt, than one of their pale pink Georgette crêpes with the double front frill, or a white Georgette embroidered in small sprigs of green and yellow.

The simplicity of this smart model from Altman, with its line of glorified beading, should make it easy to launder.



A specialty of the McCreery house—a $5 blouse of crêpe de chine in maize, pink and white, hand-embroidered.

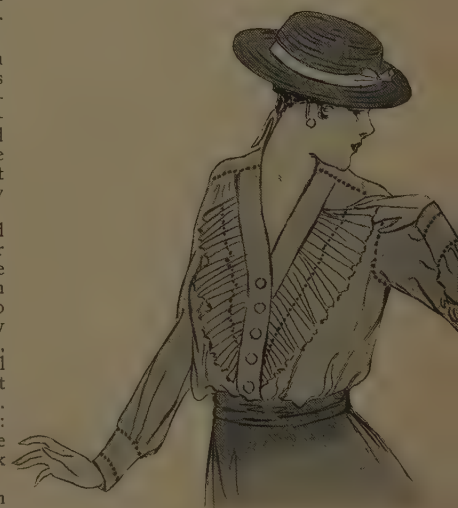


A white linen model Irish-picot-edged that McCreery's have to keep continually reordering, so satisfied are their purchasers with it.

This particular Altman waist sketched was in white batiste edged with pink, but comes in several other color combinations.

A waist that would go under the tailored classification, yet which presented an aspect of dressiness.

At Best's I saw "The Meadowbrook" planned for sport, in an unusual shade of string color.



Surely nothing could be lovelier to wear with a white skirt than one of McCreery's pale pink Georgette crêpes.

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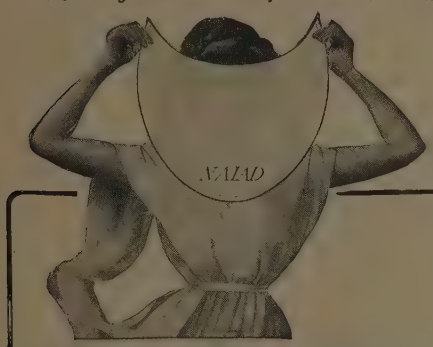

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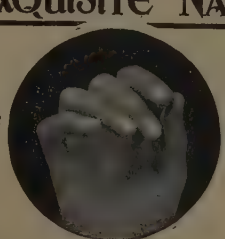

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The three sketches at the top show costumes "pour le bain" as some of the cleverest designers of Paris see them.

The lady on the left wears a cap regardless of the fact that her clever wrap sports a hood. In the centre and to the right a bathing cap and robe.

Bathing Suited a la Mode

LET fashions be what they may, the Maker of Modes has dealt most kindly with those in which my lady fair will take a dip in the surf.

Behold! the elaborate, purely ornamental Beach Costume of the past is slowly but surely disappearing, and nearly every bathing suit one sees this season is really meant to wear in the water and made so that it will not be completely ruined after the first immersion.

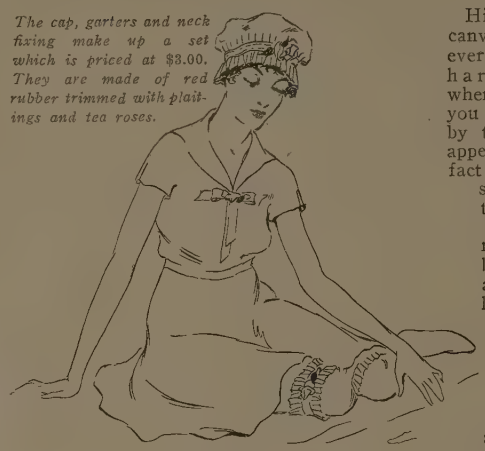
Skirts are as short as they dare be, some showing quite the hollow of the knee, but Fashion collars even the Bathing Girl! A few garments have high choker collars and long sleeves, but the majority are being shown with collars slightly raised in the back and opened for comfort in front. These have pretty, odd little cap-shaped sleeves.

The many soft and beautiful taffetas put out this year by manufacturers for dresses have not been overlooked in designing the newest bathing costumes. Rubberized silk is also a favorite and the ever popular black satin is still much in evidence.

One wears either woolen or heavy silk knitted tights under them, although salt water is not very kind to the latter.

There is something surprisingly naive about the new gaily colored rubber sashes—they are so simple and the effect is so good, and they smarten an unteresting dull black or dark blue suit wonderfully.

The popularity of the two-toned boots has even been extended to bathing shoes. One sees some remarkably daring but exceedingly attractive color combinations—for while scarlet satin shoes trimmed and laced in Soldat blue and worn with white silk stockings might be patriotic, it is not what might be termed "Inside the Lines" of good taste.



The cap, garters and neck fixing make up a set which is priced at $3.00. They are made of red rubber trimmed with plaitings and tea roses.

High laced white canvass boots, however, while a little hard to unfasten when wet, will repay you for the trouble by their ultra smart appearance and the fact that they don't slip down in sloppy, pathetic wrinkles over the ankles.

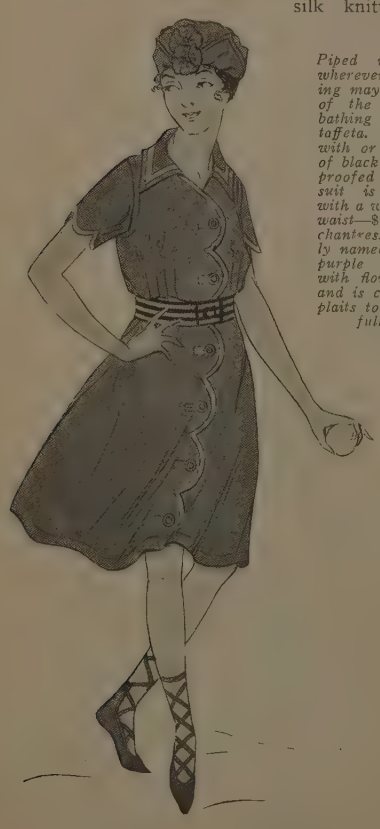
The flowers that bloom in the spring are not any brighter than those that are made of brilliant colored rubber or rubberized satin and grow in gay little sprinklings where you least expect to find them. On a garter, for instance, or high up on one shoulder, or perhaps a smart little corsage.

All the bathing suits and accessories shown here with the exception of the three French models, come from John Wanamaker & Co.

They have been chosen not only for the excellence of their design and materials but because they very closely resemble some bathing suits recently made for the ahead-of-the-season summer wardrobes of some of the most cleverly dressed of our stage favorites.

All of the new bathing caps are pretty, but those showing a brim are ravishing, besides being becoming to nearly every type of face. Green waterproof satin, lined in black and wired to stay in shape—$2.25.

Having boldly purloined a student's mortar-board, she has disguised it with black and white checked waterproof silk trimmings and a most ambitious bow—and walked right into the sea with it—Priced at $3.00.



Piped in white satin, wherever white satin piping may be, is the secret of the success of this bathing costume of black taffeta. It can be worn with or without the belt of black and white waterproofed leather as the suit is nicely finished with a white piping at the waist—$9.75. The "Enchantress" cap is correctly named. It is made of purple rubber, trimmed with flowers and foliage and is cleverly draped in plaits to give the desired fullness—$2.75.

A skirt with the cordings going 'round and 'round joins a rather full "baby" waist, strapped where the neck is opened in front. The collar is becomingly faced with white. Of navy blue taffeta and ornamented with self-covered buttons—$9.75. A Scotch lassie cap of red rubber at $1.25.

A row of shirring is laid halfway down the front of the skirt of a black taffeta bathing dress giving it the smart flare. It is edged with cording and trimmed with long jet buttons. Priced at $8.00. Qualntly bizarre in effect is the red rubber "Salamander" cap with its Oriental fringed sash and its red rubber rosette on the opposite side—$3.00.

Frederick Palmer is at the head of his profession. He is the greatest living war correspondent. Because of his experience and knowledge he has the confidence and respect of the highest military officers. His reports contain more information than any others coming from Europe. He represented Collier's in the Spanish-American, Russo-Jap and Balkan Wars. Persons who want fullness and accuracy of information about the present war will do well to follow Palmer in

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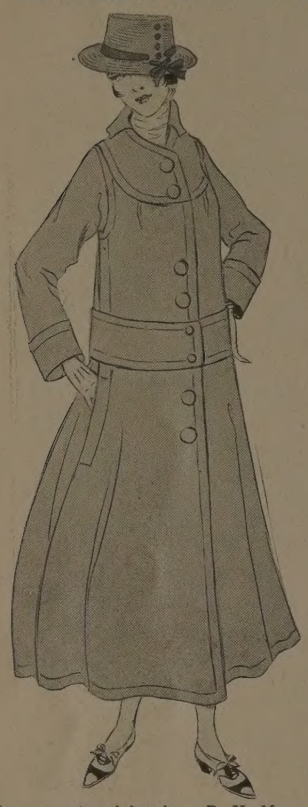
The Maid Who Would A'touring Go!

The Women of the Stage know how to make travel comfortable. Here are many articles used by many of our cleverest actresses to make both dressing and eating en route pleasurable.

THE time has come," Miss Fashion says, "to talk of many things"—for the roads are good, the air is balmy and Motordom is having its annual reawakening.

"What every woman knows" is that the linen duster is a sort of summer uniform for motorists, but this season's vintage takes to itself something entirely new both in material and design.



Pongee coat and hat from R. H. Macy & Co. The coat is trimmed with smoked-pearl buttons and can be belted either in the front or back. The hat quaintly laces down the side with red taffeta ribbon through four sets of red enamel eyelets. Coat, $39.75; hat, $3.96.

Playing up to the mode of the minute, this black and white shadow checked toweling coat has a white linen yoke, collar and cuffs for contrast—$16.75 at R. H. Macy & Co., where the white felt hat with its white velvet band may also be had for $2.96.

Of black and white shadow plaid with flecks of green and brown, this lovely roomy duster, sports attractive black and white buttons and two detachable pockets that hold—Oh, lots! The girl in the sketch is not in a bird cage, although the arrangement which hats her, looks very much like one. Coat, $16.75; hat and veil, $3.69, from R. H. Macy & Co.

The two plaid coats I am showing come from R. H. Macy & Co., and they are very like one I saw on a very popular actress at a smart roadside inn a few days ago. The material is rough toweling, which I am told launders excellently. Both coats are well cut and designed, the smart white linen yoke on one and the loose pockets on the other being effective novelties.

Unhampered with furbelows, but adorned with smoked pearl buttons, and built on more conventional automobile duster lines, the other coat takes its place in smart sports apparel through the very excellent quality of the pongee of which it is made.

A fad of the moment which spells becomingness as well as modishness is the white felt hat for motoring. However, unless one is prepared to clean it after every trip it is hardly practical.

The daughter of the "Jane Hading" veil so popular a generation ago, has an excuse for being which certainly could not be said of the mother, as it holds a smart little tailored gray moiré hat in place. The veil is black banded in gray grosgrain and has three "spots of color"—a red and a blue and a green varnished cherry.

Brimmed enough to ward off the sun—trimmed enough to be absurdly fascinating, and plain enough to be within the limits of good taste for motoring, a little natural colored pongee hat is quaintly laced down one side with red taffeta ribbon lacings ending in a most becoming little bow.

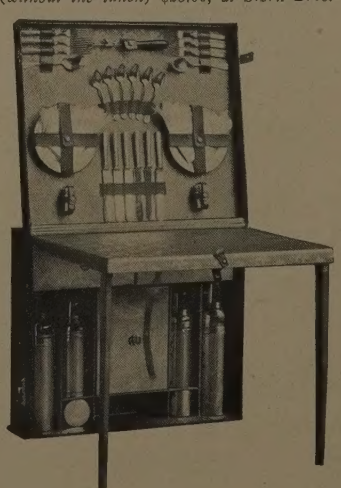
Fashions alter in motor accessories as they change in dress. What was dernier cri last season is old-fashioned to-day—next year it is forgotten—but after that—who can tell? Even hoop skirts are holding a revival!

A great deal of the charm and fun of eating a picnic luncheon in the woods is lost when inquisitive insects parade over the table cover, spread on the grass and suicidally attempt to drown themselves in one's tea.

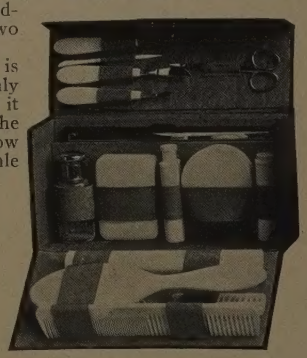
Here, however, is a restaurant that is as surprising within as it is delightful without, for it straps itself conveniently out of the way on to the robe rail and opens itself like the fairy story table when it is time to eat. There is a complete service for six—but why only six people should need three lunch boxes is a matter I can't appreciate. However, a great many tourists will see the many advantages of two thermos bottles.

A suitcase is certainly not only a suitcase when it opens—as does the one shown below—it is a wohle wardrobe.

The "Tourist Case" shown above is a compact collection of the very necessary toilet articles one likes to carry when touring. The fittings are all French ivory and the case is real leather. Both this and the toilet case opposite imported by I. Grossman, Inc., and for sale at all department stores.

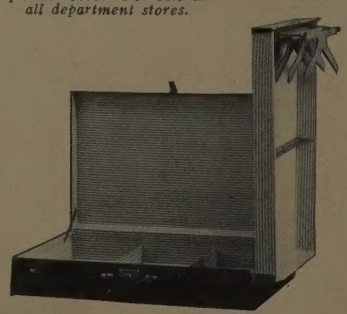


I am convinced that even the jaded appetite of the much-feasted Solomon would be aroused at the attractiveness of this well-appointed motor restaurant. Complete (without the lunch) $25.00, at Stern Bros.



The details of the very convenient "Limousine Case" shown on the right have been carefully worked up. Nothing is lacking that speaks for convenience or comfort. The case itself is of real pin morocco. For sale at all department stores.

Showing the useful side of a five-dollar hat box lined and pocketed in old blue poplin. The ornamental side is black leatherette and the entire box is small enough to stow in an odd corner or strap outside the car.



This year has brought us much to be thankful for, but nothing so pleasing to feminity—A wardrobe suitcase fitted, comes from Stern Bros., only costs $28.00, and is light enough to be carried by one person and just the proper shape to fit the running board of your car.

Do You Like to Have Your Shopping Done for You

So many of our readers have written us for news of where and how to purchase the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions."—

So many have said, "I live away from the city and it is so irksome to come in."—

So many have said, "I cannot find this lovely thing you show—will you get it for me?"—

—so we are going to offer to do that for you

PROMPTED by what we see of the clothes and the furnishings of the lovely homes of such prominent women of the stage as Miss Billie Burke and Miss Ann Murdock, the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions" are those that we find in the smartest shops that most nearly resemble them.

Nothing but the very latest—the very smartest—and the very best quality appeals to these famous stage people who go everywhere, see everything, do everything and wear everything—*first*.

There is no place just like New York City for the purchase of fashionable clothes—correct furniture, odd and dainty gifts for all occasions—hangings—wall-papers—the latest designs in small personal articles, such as purses, handbags, jewelry, veils—the loveliest and latest of everything.

For this service, we do not charge you. Our shoppers are in the shops all the time and will be at your service for any of your shopping needs. Even if you are in need of merchandise which we have not shown we will be glad to either purchase for you or advise you as to shops, prices, etc.

Write us and we will tell you how to use the Theatre Magazine Shopping Service to your greatest benefit.

Address your Shopping Service letters to Anne Archbald

Clothes Seen on the Stage

(*Continued from page* 322)

finished. The sleeves, for example, are of two thicknesses of Georgette crêpe, to insure durability, and the waist has an extra skeleton lining of wash net. Altogether unusual frocks!

As I walked down the Avenue I passed Russek's. (Do you know about Russek's, by the way, just above Thirty-fourth Street on the west side of Fifth? The very smart models in the windows may have inclined you to think its prices the prohibitive ones sometimes found in the smaller shops, but *au contraire*.) I went in, found the place a fertile field for my research, and soon had two models added to my collection. *Beauty and simplicity were in the blue-checked foulard combined with plain blue chiffon. Comfort and practicality in the black, dust-shedding taffeta, with its short bouffant skirt, black and white striped belt and pocket bandings.* And smartness in both! The prices of these are distinctly reasonable. As a mater of fact, all the prices at Franklin Simon's, at Lord & Taylor's, were quite surprising for the loveliness of the models, very much "value received," if I may be allowed the expression. Of course, I've been able to touch on only a few of the frocks I saw, but among them all there is a range of line, of color, of suitability to different occasions that should satisfy the most ardent supporter of the doctrine of Appropriateness in Dress.

The dress with the box-plaited skirt had the little panel in the centre of its girdle in a vivid green embroidered in black and gold.

And with this range to choose from it does seem curious to me that women as a crowd should be willing to present such an aspect of sameness in their clothes. The reason for it, of course, lies in the sameness of the materials and colors chosen. Color you might almost say: for more than half the avenue, this spring, has been wearing navy blue in gabardine (combined nine times out of ten with a black hat) and by now is without doubt beginning to wear navy blue in taffeta or navy blue in something else. You may be pretty sure, however, that it will be navy blue.

As a nation we are particularly addicted to that shade, a fact which Paris knows and which she took into consideration in sending over her spring suits. But I do wish we could get more variety of color into our dressing.

It has been a long-held belief that nothing is quite so becoming to everyone as navy blue—that is you can't go very far wrong in wearing it. Which is all very well if your aim is to look neutral.

But if you wish to attain the height of becomingness and bring out individuality to its best advantage, navy blue is *not* the shade for everyone to choose.

As a matter of fact it takes very brilliant or unusual coloring to make navy blue effective. And when there are so many other lovely shades of blue—to say nothing of the shades of brown, of green, of grey; of mixtures, of magpie combinations—why could we not have them for the sake of that variety which has come in our present "tired business man" civilization to mean so much more than the mere *spice* of life?

The students of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts gave, in the annual spring exhibition of their work, a splendid illustration of what a heavenly variety of changes may be worked out from a given combination of colors and lines. Each water colored sketch on exhibition, especially from the interior decorating and costume designing classes was so distinct and so lovely in itself that it was almost impossible to have a preference for one over another. And the individual expressions of beauty were so unending that their limitation seemed to be only that caused by a lack of wall-space. I came away from the exhibition buoyed up with the thought of a near-future time when we might have more of this variety in beauty to wear around with us every day.

A little dressier in tone was a midnight blue taffeta with a tan chiffon waist embroidered in black.

As a last hint—don't let yourself be sidetracked from buying the silk dress you may have put off until now by the thought of June's being on the heels of the very "hot weather." Outside of a few weeks of violent steaming we get more moderate weather than anything else. And the silk dresses are made in such cool fashion this spring that they are possible for even the hottest days.

Is there anything else so all-around serviceable as a silk dress of some quality? Really two are not a bit too many for the well-dressed woman to have.

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With such a wealth of advance information it would be almost impossible for you to be at fault in any detail of your wardrobe. For Paris, despite the war, is still the fountain-head of fashion, and Harper's Bazar has maintained its superior fashion service.

Thousands of other discriminating women profit by this authentic advice. If you haven't, it is simply because you have overlooked it up to this time. But the coupon on the left leaves you no excuse. Sign it and mail now, before you forget.

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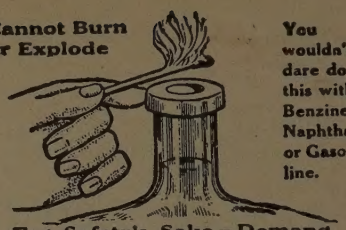

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